SWANK

MAGAZINE - FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS

HOLIDAY EDITION
January, 1942
25¢

CARTOONS
CRAMER
SALE
WENZEL
BERRY
CORKA
SISKO
LA MENDOLA
RICHTER
LAWRENCE
BEAVEN
WILKINSON
PONCE DE LEON
CARR
CHELMON
BOLTINOFF
MAGARIAN

ARTICLES
GEORGE
WUNDERLIN
WALLACE

SATIRE
STRUTT
MERRILL

FICTION
HIMES
BUCK
RIDER

DEPARTMENTS
CINEMA
THEATER
SHOPPING
CLOTHES
BOOKS
PORTRAITS
NITE SPOTS
COOKING
RECORDS
ARMY
RADIO

ART
FUGITT
ALDEN
MORSE
KORMAN
SHEARER
BENTON

SPECIAL FEATURES
LAST MINUTE
GIFT SUGGESTIONS
LIQUOR CHART

Bradshaw Crandell
JOIN
AMERICAN RED CROSS

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SWANK

MAGAZINE—FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS

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Half a Loaf Is Better . . .

Dear Editor:
If I didn't know different I'd say that I had written that piece called "Model Home." The almost identical thing happened to me . . . the difference being that I got so sore with the final outcome of our decorated apartment that I re-decorated it to suit me. That is, I half re-decorated it. And you should see it now.

I drew a line with white chalk across the middle of the apartment. Half could go to my wife . . . and half to me. Well, her side is embellished with the newest bits of modernity . . . chairs that don't look like chairs, and tables that look like nightmares. Mine is good, solid American furniture . . . which looks like it was made for comfort and what's more feels the same way.

I've hung pictures (of my fraternity brothers, the time I carried the ball for good old Upsalea Tech, etc.), on my side of the walls, and she's got some modernistic things that look like crosses between salt shakers and Great Danes on her side. Throughout the apartment it's the same story. Each room is divided in half.

I was a fool to let her go through with the decorating in the first place . . . but now I'm having my say. I think she's weakening and I expect before long to have the house completely redone as in days of yore.
East Orange, N. J. Harold Kennebec

A Shopping He Will Go???

Dear Editor:
Your December edition hit a new high for laughs! Your cartoonists certainly outdid themselves in supplying an extra bounty for the Xmas edition. And most of the stories kept pace, too. Especially "And A Merry Christmas To You." I know exactly how that poor chap felt after umpteen hours of shopping. Every year I (and I guess several million just like me) go through the same procedure—swearing to high heaven that this time will be the last—that the next year we will do our Christmas shopping some time in July, yet the next year and the next and the next finds us tearing our way through that writhing mass of human beings the day before Xmas . . . feeling anything but "peace on earth good will to men."

But this year it is going to be different. That article served as a potent reminder. I'm going right down now and stock up with those bits of feminine fluff which will bring cheer into the hearts of a handful of women.

Oh, heck, what's the hurry? I've got another couple of weeks, anyway. And, besides, there's a few little jobs that I have to do right now. Well, next week for sure! Yes, sir . . . the very first thing next week . . . I'll start my shopping expedition.
New York, N. Y. Leonard Weiss

SWANK Hits Picayune

Dear Editor:
Life out here is pretty dull for the most part. Once in a while a plane flies overhead, or the whistle of a passing locomotive breaks the stillness . . . but events like these are unusual and can't be depended upon.

Consequently when anything even a bit out of the ordinary strikes the town it becomes the pièce de resistance of conversation for weeks to come. When SWANK came, the conversation started and kept right on going. All of which leads me to the subject of this letter.

A couple of months ago SWANK hit our town. The first inkling I had of its appearance was a well-thumbed copy lying on the shelf in the local barber shop. Casually I picked it up . . . not knowing what to expect . . . but hoping for the best.

First I skimmed through the pages . . . searching out each cartoon . . . and by the time I had reached the final page I was feeling so good I let a guy get ahead of me in the barber chair.

Then I turned to the reading matter. There was more good stuff in one issue of SWANK than most magazines have had since their inception. It was new, different, and completely for the man. Everything in the mag appealed to me—so much so, that I surreptitiously tucked it under my arm on my way out . . . determined to finish it at home.

And each month it's the same story. But now I buy my own because somehow the barber got wise that I walked home with that first copy. But that doesn't phase me a bit. SWANK is worth a quarter of anybody's money.
Picayune, Miss. Ted Johnson

Berry Is the Berries!

Dear Editor:
In reading your correspondence page I've noticed all sorts of bouquets and brickbats being flung around at writers and cartoonists, but the public seems to be neglecting Berry, the fellow who does your covers. I really think those covers are clever. They are not only decorative and colorful . . . but they are also intensely humorous. The idea of that girl and her poor escort who always plays second fiddle to the sharp looking chap is so good I always look forward to the next episode in their lives. They have real personalities which one could follow as avidly as a serial story.
Tampa, Fla. Joseph Del Cuccio

Going the Rounds

Dear Editor:
I read a letter from Mrs. Schultz who told of a club she belongs to which circulates magazines. I'm just writing to say that her club is not the only one. We have a club that circulates magazines and books. We have just sent in our subscription blank to SWANK.
Troy, N. Y. Mr. J. Frank

In Spite of All He Said Here's His Letter to the Ed

Dear Editor:
It's those self-appointed critics
Whom I write this little ditty for
Those chaps with nothing else to do
But confide in the editor.

They do like this
They don't like that
They think that Rider's crazy,
They wish that the cartoonists
Would make their cracks less hazy.

Some then vote SWANK a medal
They buy it every issue
But wish that so 'twould be more use
You'd print it on thin tissue.

One fellow is a cheapskate,
Another is a dandy,
Whatever else they're failings
They write on paper handy.
And quickly to the post box
Before their phobias fade
They mail it to the editor
And hope they make the grade.

Just write it to the editor
He certainly will care
About the blonde you met last week
Or how you comb your hair.

Or if you don't like caviar
That you like Morse—hate Alden,
And that although your beard is tough
Your head is slowly baldin'.

But as for me, I never write
A letter to the ed,
Those very private thoughts of mine
Are better left unsaid.
And if I don't like such and such
I'm silent now because
In a hundred thousand readers
Thar's surely some wot does!
Phoenix, Arizona Sherman Tuttle

Built a Better Woman

Dear Editor:
Off hand I'd say I'd seen a million cartoons of women. I've looked longingly at things by Petty, and shook my head sadly over Varga. I've enjoyed women that Peter Arno portrays, and thought that Gilbert Bundy had plenty on the ball. I've bought magazines that had girls by Morse, and threw others away that had creations of Shermund. I've clipped Fugitt dolls and carried them around in my wallet until they disintegrated under hard and constant handling. I've seen French cartoonists and British cartoonists by the hundreds but think that most of their women are utterly lacking in sex appeal. I've laughed over some of the glamour girls by Russian cartoonists even though I can't understand a word of Russian. I've visited museums to see cartoons of women carved on ancient bits of stone. In other words I had thought I had seen all there was to see in the world of cartoons.

When . . . right out of a clear, blue sky comes this lad named Wenzel with an entirely different cartoon technique. He has produced a rare variety of femininity, the like of which I have never seen before. His girls are "cute." This is the only word you can use to describe them. Bewitchingly cute. Sheer masterpieces of creative genius. There is something so utterly appealing about them that you can sit for hours just gazing at the creatures he paints. They are utterly different from all that has gone before.

Yes, mark my words. That lad is headed for fame in a big way . . . and he doesn't even have to build a better mousetrap for the world to come beating a path to his door. No, sir, he's gone and done it by building a better woman.
Dermott, Arkansas Jack Quincy

Should Shearer Stick to Art?

Dear Editor:
No matter what anyone says about SWANK Magazine they'll have to admit that the SWANK editors have courage. Or else how would they print a page by Teddy Shearer complete with poetry . . . not once but twice in a row. Now I don't claim to be a critic of poetry . . . I know just as much about it as the next guy . . . which isn't a helluva lot. But one doesn't even have to be a third-cousin of a second-rate critic to know that his poetry is so elementary that labeling it poetry is a misnomer. Why doesn't he just stick to art and let it go at that?
Paris, Texas Thomas Ellery

Good Will to Women

Dear Editor:
Your Christmas cartoons were enough to lift the spirits of any suffering male from doldrums to bliss. A long, sipping look at the Fugitt doll, mixed with a dash of Wenzel's creations, is enough to make me sit back in my easy chair with a feeling of "Peace on earth . . . good will to women."

Keep on supplying me with the same sort of balm throughout the year, will you?
Houston, Texas Tony Greghorn

A "Phooey" from the West

Dear Editor:
Would you mind telling me what was so hot about Gene Rider's "Longitude and Latitude" story. Here I expected to find something tremendous, for the blurb sounded off about its greatness, etc., and etc. Instead what did I find? An ordinary tale of a fire on a ship and a guy's dreams as he chokes to death. Phooey!
Ann Arbor, Michigan Grant Redinoff

Shivers in Boots

Dear Editor:
Brandt's article on "Training the Future Hitlers" was one of the most informative pieces I have ever read in the pages of a magazine and one of the most interesting. Makes you shiver in your boots to see the elaborate system the Nazis have mapped out "for the future masters of the world."

These "men" coming out of the schools will be past masters at the art of cruelty, having been imbued with the Nazi principles for 17 years. They'll be regular fiends of the worst order . . . and the only thing left for us to do will be to seek another planet.

We need more fact-facing articles like Brandt's, to show us exactly what is in store for us unless Hitler is destroyed.
Greensboro, N. C. Arnold D. Sanderson

Less Ham and More News

Dear Editor:
How old is this Bide Dudley who writes your "Both Sides of the Curtain"? Most of the stuff sounds as if it were written by a juvenile. What the hell do we care if Heather Angel likes her ham sandwiches with butter on them? Tommy rot! If you want anybody to read about Both Sides of the Curtain (or even one side of that curtain) put some theatre material in it that means something . . . something you can sink your teeth into, and come up feeling you've gleaned a bit of information that you can pass on to your friends . . . something that will make them sit up and take notice. Not, "Bob, did you know that Heather Angel likes butter on her ham sandwiches." Ye Gods, man! I'm blushing for you.
Washington, D. C. Newton Lewis

Cartoon Muller Is Stumped

Dear Editor:
Even if I have to say so myself I have a sense of humor. If I see a cartoon I either laugh right off, or else figure it out and laugh later. In rare cases I'll laugh the next day (finally figuring it out) after mulling it over all night. But, zounds, man, I must confess defeat. I mulled and I mulled and I mulled over the cartoon on page 28 of the November SWANK of the guy and the gal in the motor boat and I couldn't for the life of me figure it out. (Please send me explanation in enclosed self-addressed envelope, so I can spend these nights sleeping instead of mulling.)
St. Louis, Missouri James Shreiber

Art! For Art's Sake!

Dear Editor:
SWANK has many admirable features. There's a book department for people who read books, a clothes department for people who wear clothes, a cinema department for people who see movies, a cookery department, a record department, etc. But nowhere, nowhere in your magazine is there such a thing as an art department for people who like art. Why neglect this important aspect? I think your magazine is really up and coming. Its humor, satire and articles are fine but it lacks that serious element that would give it much more appeal and make it more satisfying to readers like myself who like to read about art.
Kansas City, Kansas Paul Bruse

Diet Is No Dice

Dear Editor:
I've followed your diet religiously for exactly two weeks. I've obeyed the dictums you've set down to the letter. I've skipped eating between meals. I eat exactly the prescribed amounts—no more . . . no less. I've kept away from cream puffs and chocolate sundaes. But nothing has happened. Not one single, solitary ounce has vanished from my mid-section. Gentlemen, please advise. What should I do now?
Augusta, Maine Patrick Henderson

Diet Success

Dear Editor:
After two weeks of really obeying your diet rules I feel that I owe you a testimonial. I lost five pounds the first week—and I'm sure it would have been seven except for a party at our home—where a host has to eat. The second week I lost six pounds, which is getting closer. Now I'm trying to lose four more and stay that way. My wife wants to know if it's O. K. for her, too. You said it was a man's diet and I wasn't sure. Thanks a million.
Altoona, Pa. Frank Alexander

A Fugitt Rooter-Tooter!

Dear Editor:
I teamed up with SWANK a couple of months ago, and each issue is better than the last. The newest issue, that for November, is tops. Keep it up!

As a whole, I enjoy your magazine immensely, but must confess that I spend a long time with the monthly FUGITT girl. The September girl had me going; the October made me wonder if Fugitt were slipping; but the November girl brought my faith back. *Now* she really IS *SOMETHING!* All of which brings me to the reason for writing this letter. Why not print the Fugitt girl on heavy white stock, and leave the back side blank? Think what it would mean to fellows like myself who like to line the walls of our dens with the curvesome bits of idealized femininity from Fugitt's airbrush.

Think it over. And until then, yours for continued success and more and better Fugitt girls.
Bud Johnson
Jamestown, N. Y.

Another Latin Who Knows

Dear Editor:
There's a gal living a few blocks down the street from me who just got back from South America last month. As I pass by her house every night I hear the clatter of a typewriter from an upstairs window. I heard her remark to a girl friend that she was writing an exposé. All these facts lead me to believe that she's the one who wrote, "Latins Know How—and How!"

Now I'm a Latin myself. If this girl is the girl I think she is (for the girl who wrote the article certainly knew the score) I'd like to meet her. If not—I don't feel like wasting my time.

So if you could tell me if (*name and address deleted here by editor*) is the girl I would be indebted to you for life.
Los Angeles, California Juan Fillipo
EDITOR'S NOTE: The answer is "NO."

Male Coiffure Comes Into Its Own

Dear Editor:
It just occurred to me that too little attention has been paid to the male coiffure.

Great hullabaloo is given to each innovation of milady's hairdress; while the male hair-do receives little if any public notice. For this reason I have made an attempt to bring out the prevalent hair styles of American men with descriptive nomenclatures.

1. The Alcatraz—he-man in every sense of the word.
2. The Slicker or Man-About-Town.
3. El Artisto or Silk Panty type.
4. The Pretty Boy or Ragamuffin.
5. The Truck Driver's Special.
6. The Genius or Windblown.

Fort McIntosh, Texas Jos. V. Keenan

Cupid Goes Amiss!

Dear Editor.
Last month a chap named Fredrickson got into this column at my expense. That is he got acquainted with me at the Grand Central Station through our laughing at SWANK's cartoons together. As one thing led to another we had dinner together that night.

He promised to tell you how he made out—but I don't think he will as he didn't. The fact is we saw each other quite often until the December issue of SWANK came out. Then, I think, he read that article about Latins Know How and got to thinking he had a South American ancestor. Anyhow he dines alone now.
Springfield, Mass. Jane Beatty

". . . then I said, I'm going as 'New Year's Eve' . . . eating my apple won't stop me."

ARTICLE

FATHERHOOD FOR SALE

By DAVID ROBINSON GEORGE

It's no longer necessary to be childless, for in discreet clinics paternity is offered for sale!

WHEN a married woman you know has been childless for years and then suddenly becomes expectant, you can be suspicious.

Perhaps it's just a quirk of Nature, but more likely, if her husband is sterile or they're physically incompatible, she has visited one of those discreet clinics where paternity is on sale.

Her husband may be as broad-minded as the one who, faced with permanent sterility, took pity on his child-hungry wife and agreed to let her go to a hotel with a young man of good stock they both knew.

But that's unusual and risky. It's far simpler and usually safer for a woman to patronize a fatherhood mart, with or without the knowledge of her husband. There, depending on how much she wants to spend, she can obtain the service of any type of man from a husky longshoreman to a blue-blooded foreign nobleman without ever coming into contact with him. For sexual intercourse, she may be surprised to learn, is not necessary for conception.

She must be recommended. Frowned upon by the medical profession in general as unethical, these places are conducted like speakeasies.

Masquerading as orthodox medical clinics under the names of the doctors who operate them, they provide the usual treatment to any unrecommended patient who happens to visit them. But their offices, located on Park Avenue and in similarly respectable neighborhoods in other big cities, are visited, as a rule, only by patients referred to them.

Women learn of their existence either from former patients or from representatives—women of social standing who spread the good news and receive a confidential commission for every patient they recommend.

Operating on a more ethical basis and much more numerous than these surreptitious clinics are the individual physicians who specialize—off the record—in what the profession calls *artificial impregnation*. Originated years ago by Dr. John Hunter to overcome purely mechanical barriers to pregnancy in married couples where the husband is fertile, this procedure has been extended during the last decade to make up for the husband's complete inability to become a father.

The extent to which it is practised is indicated by the result of a survey made by John Harvey Caldwell, medical statistician, who interrogated 200 physicians in eight principal cities of the United States. Fifty-six of them reported that some 300 women married to sterile husbands had requested impregnation with the specimen of a potent male.

Some of these physicians are outspoken about this service, which they consider a matter of daily professional routine. For example, Dr. Joseph Cohen of New Orleans readily describes half a dozen cases of scientifically-managed conception, explaining that the childless couple in each case had called at his office, where there is "a special room set aside for the purpose."

Writing in the authoritative *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Drs. Frances I. Seymour and Alfred Koerner list the precautions a professional implanter should take to make his work legal and ethical.

After pointing out the wide attention received "owing to the success of the practice," they urge the physician to procure the written consent of the husband in which he declares that "it is not possible for me to procreate," and that for "the sake of the mutual happiness and well-being" of himself and mate, he requests the physician to "artificially inseminate my wife with the sperm of a male" selected by the doctor. Another document should be signed by the wife, they recommend, in which she agrees to conceive in chastity.

To be sure that a regular birth certificate is filed, Drs. Seymour and Koerner suggest that a new physician, unaware of the facts of conception, be called in to attend the delivery.

In another recent article in the A. M. A. *Journal*, Dr. William H. Cary of New York City describes seventeen cases he treated in which the husband was infertile and the wife was inseminated with a donor specimen. After from one to six trials in each case, he reports, he obtained ten successes.

"All patients were cared for in my private practice," he writes. "Numerical results may be far from impressive, partly due to discouraging conditions, but the perplexing problems encountered in the management of these cases may be interesting. Many patients have an antipathy for the use of a donor specimen, and I have not assumed responsibility for recommending this procedure in a single instance.

"As the processes of reproduction are better and more generally understood by the public, it seems obvious that consultations concerning artificial impregnation will become more frequent, and physicians should be prepared to render the service."

Clinic or private doctor, the procedure is the same. The woman reveals her need, and if she's married, an examination follows to be sure it's her husband and not she who's to blame for her barren state. If she's unmarried and wants a child without the nuisance of a husband or the stigma of immorality attached to having a "eugenic baby" by the old-fashioned method, she still receives an examination to make certain of her fertility and physical capability.

Then the examining physician has a long talk with her to be sure the idea isn't just a passing fancy and that she really wants to go through with it. At the conclusion of this talk, if the doctor is convinced she's sincere, he offers her a legal release for her to sign and another for her husband, if she's married. Of extreme importance to the physician, these releases seem routine to the patient and her husband, who usually sign them readily.

Next comes the question of what kind of man she wants for the father of her child. There have been cases in which the woman, a trifle worked up about the idea, has requested the service of prominent actors and athletes or some other idol. She is told quite firmly that she will never know the identity of the man whose service she obtains, nor see a picture of him (sometimes they plead for that), although, if she wishes, he will be described in detail and the complete results offered of an intensive investigation into the man and his antecedents for several generations.

Here skullduggery occasionally is practised. Genealogists can trace a man's family tree, but they can't always detect tendencies to diseases and insanity along the line. Honest clinicians will tell the woman as much as they know of the man's history, but if she gets a detailed report of his ancestors' physical and mental condition, chances are she's being hoodwinked.

At those clinics not averse to a little racketeering, the price sometimes is boosted on the claim that the woman is being served by some celebrity whose exceptional qualities warrant it. This is pulled, of course, only on the most gullible.

In the best professional manner, the fee is adjusted to fit the pocketbook. The prices, curiously enough, vary much the same as those in obstetrical cases; $50 is the lowest and the sky's the limit. Generally, however, the fees are higher, for out of them the donor must be paid.

Donors are recruited in the same way as patients; one tells another, and representatives spread the word around. Tony, a WPA laborer, is lucky if they pay him $5. Freddie, the Broadway hoofer, might get $15. John, the college boy, is good for $25. Reginald, of an old, but impoverished family, can demand $50 or $100. And if His Highness, an expatriate, is the goods, the thing runs into money. All must sign releases, for good reasons.

Occasionally, the woman knows the man

she wants (eugenically, not physically), the clinic gets in touch with him and the matter is arranged. Sometimes, the woman brings the prospective donor with her.

In any case, the donor must provide his service within two days at most of the time the patient receives it. If possible, the transfer should take place within a few hours, for the vital organisms don't live long out of their natural habitat. Unfortunately, they can't be kept refrigerated like blood, donations of which are stored for weeks in "banks."

Because of the difficulty of storage, donations of paternity are rarely accepted unless there's an immediate market for them. The typing system, too, of course, is far more complex than that of the blood banks, but the two services do originate from a similar demand.

The phrase *test-tube baby*, coined by the tabloid newspapers during a notorious divorce trial, is inaccurate, but the donations actually are stored in glass containers resembling test-tubes and electrically kept at body temperature until used.

The woman patient is prepared antiseptically with the utmost care, for the normal protective condition created by secretions during physical contact is absent. Actual impregnation is accomplished by one of two methods; a direct hypodermic injection into the uterus, —dangerous, but most effective,—or by syringe against the cervix,—safer, but often ineffective. Sexual stimulation or orgasm in the woman is, needless to say, unnecessary.

After treatment, the patient goes home to wait—with crossed fingers. If the treatment "takes," the clinic has nothing more to do with her, and in a couple of months, she goes to see an obstetrician. If she has been treated by a private physician, however, she may remain in his care. If the treatment isn't effective, she goes back for another, and the clinic is out another donor's fee.

Eventually, she finds herself pregnant, unless the technique hasn't been of the best, infection develops and she dies in agony a week later. It happens.

But that's a chance an intelligent patient knows she must take, and not the only one. She may escape infection, but her baby may be born deformed or blind. Disease in the father's family? Yes, but the clinic didn't know it. The donor knew, but he needed the fee so badly he concealed it.

Husbands don't always know of their wives' trips to the clinics. Plagued by her mate's inability to make her a mother, a woman may not even bother to have him examined. She secretly visits a clinic to which she has been referred, arranges for the donation of a man of her husband's characteristics, about whom she wants to know nothing personal, and in due time presents her mate with a bouncing baby boy. He, in happy ignorance, swells with pride, while she, with no regrets, goes on loving him as much as ever.

That apparently routine legal release all patients, husbands and donors must sign, avoids serious repercussions. Where it has been waived, all involved have suffered.

The clinic or the physician may be blackmailed on threat of exposure by a patient who has changed her mind, voluntarily or deliberately. A patient's baby may be beneath her hopes and she may sue for malpractice. A donor may, by devious means, discover the child whom he has fathered and thereupon blackmail the parents for secrecy or demand his rights as the legitimate father. An outraged husband may seek divorce on grounds of adultery.

The legitimacy of the child born as a result of *artificial impregnation* is a moot question. There is no specific statute on it anywhere in the United States, and no test case has brought a court decision. Releases usually void any claim the mother might have on the donor's kinship or the donor might have on the child's. They do not, however, preclude the possibility of suit by relatives declaring the child illegitimate and seeking thus to deprive it of a share of intestate property. If the mechanical transfer of semen is made from the woman's own husband, merely to overcome physical difficulties, the child, obviously, is legitimate. Where the semen comes from another man, the child's status is definitely open to challenge.

The American Medical Association, which only recently has lifted its long professional silence on the subject, advised in an editorial

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". . . until . . . er . . . death do you part!"

IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

By ERIC STRUTT

Felden had no grudge against anyone, trouble was, fate is unkind to the meek and timid.

MAYBE you've heard the gag. It runs something like this: It seems there was a travelling salesman—but no, somebody else'll have to tell you because I don't want to get into the same spot Joe Felden did. Yeah, Joe Felden; you probably remember him—a little quiet sort of guy. His hair was beginning to get pretty gray along the sides and his clothes always seemed to be cut more for comfort than for style. He had a habit of squinting at you over the top of his glasses as though he was never quite convinced you were really talking to him. He worked here for about twelve years, but no one ever noticed him very much unless they wanted to get some figures out of his files.

Old Joe did his work all right, but he was never much of a mixer. Most nights he'd slip out of here so quietly you'd never know he was gone; then he'd make a bee line for home where he'd sit around reading a paper and smoking his old pipe, or sometimes he and the missus would go to a movie at the corner. That was his life, and it seemed to be all he wanted. I suppose he would have done that until the end of his days if he hadn't got into the crazy mess I mentioned.

He left here about two months ago—that was a few days after the speaker at the Elks' banquet told the story. The banquet? I'm getting to that right now, for that's where the whole thing started.

It seems like Joe Felden joined the Elks sometime back when his wife told him he ought to have some sort of social connections. He never cared much about it, but he went once in a while—not often, but enough to stay on the rolls. Anyway, the big annual banquet came around and Joe got it into his head to go. He'd never been to one of these large affairs and he was just barely curious enough to see if it was as gay as everybody made out.

In between the coffee and the time set for the entertainment there were a lot of speeches, and, like most of the surplus words tossed around after banquets, these speeches were pretty sour. Most of the jokes were either old or not funny, but old Joe Felden didn't mind because most of them were new to him. Finally, in the course of the proceedings, one of the orators got off a wheeze that was all right. It was new and it was funny, and it had the whole gang rocking in their chairs. It was this story I mentioned about the travelling salesman.

Now Joe had laughed at all the old stuff, but when this speaker got off the A number 1 dilly, Joe almost threw a fit. He howled so loud that the rest of the crowd quit applauding and sat there amazed as they watched Joe, red-faced and shrieking like a hyena. They tell me it was quite a sight.

Well, Joe finally recovered from his outburst, but he wrote down the gag on the back of a menu and tucked it into his pocket. The next day he brought it along to work to let the boys in on the howl. There were two or three fellows around Joe's desk when I came in so I stopped by to hear what was going on. There was Felden building up his joke and by the way he was handling it you would have sworn he'd been reeling them off all his life. He must have stayed up all night to get it down pat like he had it. He had all the tricks of a professional, and that rated as a small miracle for Joe.

The next thing that happened was that one of the boys from our office got over into the accounting department and remembered the joke. He had to pass it on, so he said, "Say, I just remembered a story Joe Felden was telling me that he picked up when he was out last night."

The accounting department liked it and the yarn was off to a flying start.

One of the clerks from accounting had to go up to the legal department on business and before he came back he had said, "Joe Felden said he was out with some of the boys last night, and—" The legal boys thought the gag rated a big hand and a couple of them tucked it away for future reference.

When lunch time came, one of the fellows in the legal department was having lunch with one of the publicity men and he recalled the laugh and decided it was too good to keep. "Listen, have you heard about Joe Felden and the kind of stories he's pulling?"

"Not Joe Felden, the old duck who handles the filing?"

"Yeh, that's the one, and I guess he's not so old."

The lad from publicity could hardly wait to get back to the office so he could spill the dirt. "Hey, guys," he said, "you know Joe Felden, that little quiet bird on the first floor who never seems to do anything but take care of his files?"

"Uh-huh?"

"Well, it looks like they finally caught up with him. He was out chasing the other night—"

Then this fellow told the story about the travelling salesman, but now it was Joe who had done it and there was nothing about any salesman in the patter.

The tale got around to Bill Jeffers in the production office, and by that time it was twice as long and only half as funny and it would take an awfully smart man to connect it with the gag that had been told at the Elks. When Bill got home that night he called to his wife as he was taking off his coat, "That Felden's a sly old buzzard—do you know what I heard about him at the plant today?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Jeffers hopefully.

So Bill ran through a narrative that was beginning to sound like the sort of thing you see splashed all over the front pages of the tabloids.

Mrs. Jeffers could hardly believe it, but soon she remembered that "you never could be sure of those quiet ones" and "still waters run deep" and a lot of other stand-bys. Before long she was telling Bill that she had half suspected it all along, but Mr. Felden had always appeared to be such a decent citizen that she didn't want to say anything about it—yet there was something about his eyes. She was still running through a routine about "women's intuition" when Bill was trying to get to sleep. Mrs. Jeffers spent a restless night.

The following day she telephoned a few of the girls to drop in for an afternoon of bridge.

The cards had been shuffled and the talk had drifted from clothes to houses to new hair-coiffures to budgets, and back to clothes. Mrs. Jeffers could hold it no longer. With no build-up at all she blurted, "Poor Mrs. Felden."

"What has happened to her?" asked Dorothy Benson, while the room became quiet and the rest of the ladies turned to Mrs. Jeffers with an expectant gleam in their eyes.

Mrs. Jeffers made small clucking noises as though she had said something that she really hadn't meant to.

The ladies waited. They knew Mrs. Jeffers.

Then Mrs. Jeffers told all, reluctantly, but with a beautiful sense of exaggeration.

The gasps of surprise and incredulity more than repaid her for the extra work necessary in arranging the party.

After a session of wild talking, someone said, "Mrs. Felden should know about this. If Joe is chasing around and doing these things right under her nose, it is up to us to let her know what is going on."

"I think Dorothy is the one to do it," chimed in another.

"Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing," said Dorothy with a fine show of unwillingness.

"You really must, though, because you know her so much better than the rest of us," said Mrs. Jeffers.

Within a reasonable length of time Mrs. Benson's defense was knocked down and she agreed to do the deed. Immediately she assumed the cloak of duty. It was a trifle stiff, but she rather liked it.

Joe had not yet arrived when Dorothy Benson got to the Felden home. There was a moment or two of sparring with small talk before Dorothy took a deep breath, pursed her lips

Continued on page 55

"He started by giving her a quarter tip, and she wound up with a trust fund."

IF THIS BE GLORY

By ASHLEY BUCK

The last wish of a condemned man isn't always for food . . .

FICTION

IT wasn't late enough in the fall for the steam heat to be on and Ellen felt the damp chill of the room. She threw a top coat around her shoulders and wished she could afford living in a building that gave heat according to the thermometer and not the calendar. It was warmer outside than in the apartment and she opened the windows hoping it would be more comfortable. Beyond the city and over the river lay the sun, a blood-streaked ball hugging the horizon. Dying there in the west it was nothing now but a beautiful, powerless blotch. Ellen closed the windows again and moved toward the bed. Upon the cheap calico spread lay the evening newspaper. Three faces stared up at her. She stopped abruptly to study them. Grouped closely together, the photographs stood out in sharp contrast to the other pictures on the page. Since Mr. Stone's telephone call she had taken a special interest in the faces and wondered which of them it would be. She hoped the middle one, the youngest and cleanest looking of the three. She wouldn't know until Mr. Stone arrived. Whenever two or more were going he never told her the exact one until they met. He usually called from his office and was very careful what he said.

She sank upon the bed, propped a pillow behind her back, then drew her legs upward, allowing the newspaper to rest against her thighs. An uneasiness crept over her. She disliked refusing Mr. Stone, but suppose he expected her to accept more than one? Though that had happened twice before, she didn't want it to happen now. In the other seasons none of it seemed to matter, but there was something about autumn and what he asked that did not go together. This time of year brought a gentle loneliness, a lost hurt feeling which nothing should destroy. If things had gone better during the summer she wouldn't consider even one, but dream the shortening days away until winter came.

The girl-woman, Ellen, sat there; tall and slender, her lips wide and full, the ash-colored hair starting from a high forehead and falling in soft waves to her shoulders. She stared at the faces without seeing them. They were lost to her now but in their place marched others of their kind—the ones she had given a last desperate happiness to. Thinking of the part she played at the near end of their lives made her feel very fine. The violence which came to them shortly afterward was the bad thing. It always left her weak and nauseous. But the comfort she gave counted for something. Sometimes she wished that she could bring this comfort to every man who faced destruction in such a manner—bestow it freely and without thought of gain.

She pushed the newspaper from her lap and lit a cigarette. Once the smoke was inhaled she closed her eyes and tried to shut out all the ones who had been taken from her. Nothing remained long remembered except their reluctant departures. It was the partings that tore into you. The silent, wordless ones left you stunned, almost ashamed, feeling as though you had missed being of any use to them. Then the harsh, cursing ones, vicious, screaming, frantic with the knowledge that this was to be the last. You endured them all without too much hurt until the soft, gentle ones came in. Those were the ones who wept and had to be pulled from your arms, and so, they hurt the most of all.

A dullness settled over her, bringing a heavy tiredness to the closed eyelids. She remembered the burning cigarette and aroused herself. Suddenly the room filled with a sharp ringing. She rose from the bed, pushed the buzzer for the street door, then opened the one to the apartment. She leaned against the doorway, her right foot in the hall, listening to the sighing and creaking stairs five flights below. The sounds—briefly interrupted at the landings—increased as the footsteps ascended. A dark outline blurred the dimly lighted hallway. Ellen waited until the figure was quite near then stepped backward.

The man stood facing her, huge in a black top coat, streams of silver breath pouring from his mouth. He remained in the hall, quietly watching her, friendly, a slight smile upon his lips.

"Come in," she said.

He moved into the room, looking casually around. It hadn't changed since the last time he was there. The newspaper on the bed told him what she had been doing. He removed his hat and sat in one of the straight back chairs, embarrassed and silent, an enormous man with iron gray hair and a gentle voice. He had never grown accustomed to these visits. His reason for being there made him uncomfortable. The words he had to say dried in his throat and the conversation was delayed as long as possible. They both knew, but it was Ellen who must speak of it first.

She closed the door, resting her back against it, then asked the question foremost in her mind, bluntly this time, not waiting, wanting to get it over with:

"It's only for one, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered.

"*Which* one?"

He pointed to the newspaper. "The one in the middle."

She nodded, relieved. "It's just as well—about the other two, I mean." An eagerness crept into her voice and lay darkly bright in her eyes. "Tell me, couldn't they get the money or didn't they want it?"

"They didn't want it," he answered slowly.

She watched him closely, her whole being curiously expectant. "Did they say that, or did they say the hell with it?"

"They said the hell with it," he replied simply.

"Yes. They look as though they'd say that."

He didn't answer, but moved nervously in

the chair, the dread of Ellen's morbid curiosity now upon him. He felt helpless and shakened, quietly outraged at the brutal questions.

She continued, talking at a sort of controlled random, the words pitched high and thin, almost childlike: "I don't blame them. That's the last thing I'd want. Do they really eat all that stuff the papers say?"

"Rarely. Sometimes they order it, but don't eat it."

"I didn't think they did. I couldn't eat at a time like that. Could you?"

"No," he answered patiently. "I don't think so."

There was a long silence. She moved to the bed, studying the photographs again.

"He's young," she finally said.

"Yes."

"Is there a chance of his getting off?"

"No."

"He doesn't look bad."

"No, I guess not."

"The other two look mean."

"They're not," he said gently. "Not really."

"You can never tell by their looks, can you?"

"No." He rose from the chair, anxious to still her prying, forcing himself to finish what he was there for. He took a wallet from his pocket and laid five ten-dollar bills upon the table. Beside them he placed a green slip of paper. "His attorney got the money. It'll be the usual half hour. I'll expect you around ten o'clock."

She looked at the money without touching it. "I'll be there."

When he reached the door he turned back to her. "You didn't go away this summer?"

"No."

"I called a couple of times, but didn't leave my name. I thought you might need something."

"I guess I was out. I got along pretty well."

"Whenever you don't, get in touch with me."

"Thanks. I'll be all right."

He opened the door then hesitated, realizing what he was about to say might make her angry as it had another time.

"Ellen, let me find you a job."

A look of surprise crossed her face. "I have a job."

"No, you haven't."

She raised a hand wearily and drew it hard across her forehead. "Do you want me to be like a million others? Maybe pound a typewriter some place? I'd go crazy."

"There are other kinds of work."

She spoke determinedly, a stubbornness in her voice. "I'm doing a better kind of work than any you could name. I'm being of some use in the world. And I'm never ashamed—never!"

"I know you aren't, Ellen."

"And don't feel sorry for me! You don't know what it's like. You have to feel something deep inside to do what I'm doing." She paused, a far away look in her eyes, then went on, monotonously weary, like a piece a child has learned by heart. "To know you've done a good thing—that's all that matters. To feel it so strong that you know you'll never let it down, not even if it turns around later and strikes you in the face. There's sort of a glory in that sort of a—" The words faded pathetically away, as though she had forgotten the end.

Something in her voice awoke the man. An incredible wonderment filled him. He watched her for a long time, too amazed to move.

"Is that how you look at it, Ellen? Really?"

"Really."

"Then there's nothing more to say."

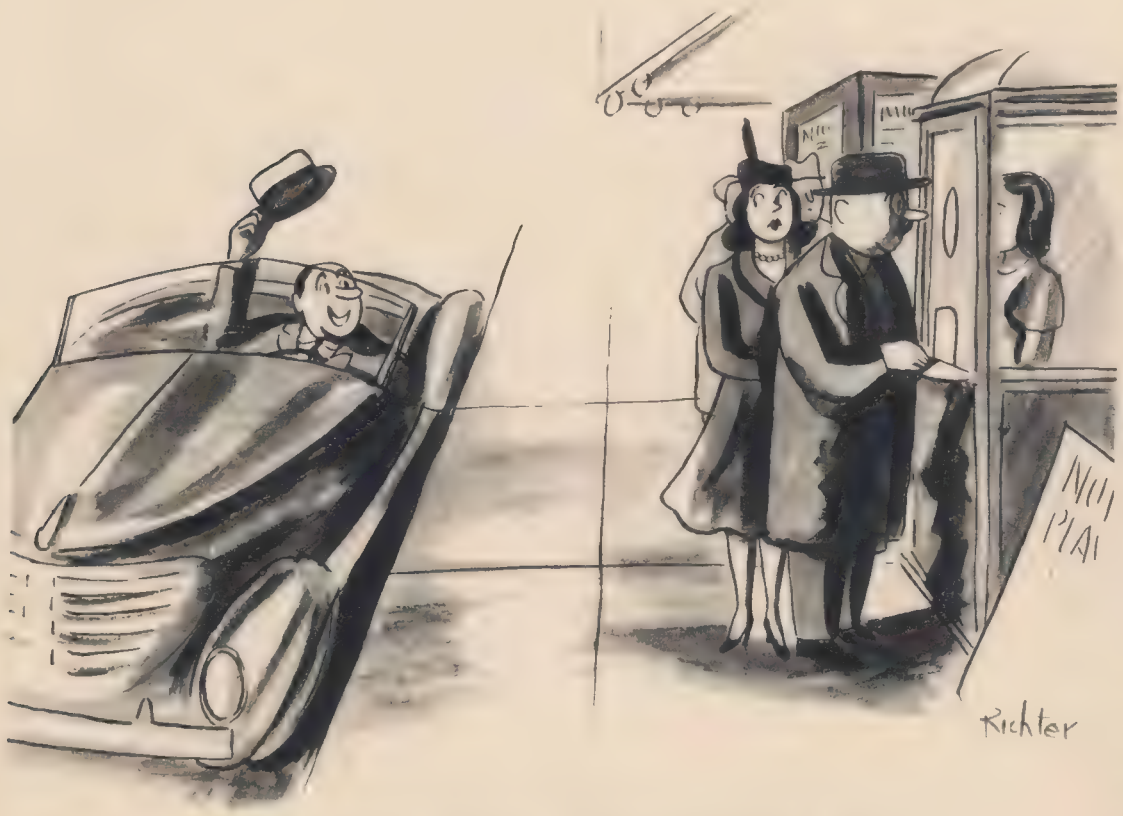
"No, I guess not. I didn't expect you'd understand."

"I do," he said hesitantly. "I won't mention it again."

She laughed, high and shrill, nodding toward the windows. "Don't worry. I'm better off than the ones on the street. I don't class myself with them. They don't do anything fine. All they do is get locked up and talked about. But not me! No man will ever talk about me!"

"You're right," he said quietly. "No man will ever talk about you, Ellen."

She laughed again, higher than before, bordering on hysteria. The man turned quickly and walked out the door. The laughter continued, bounding from the walls and ceiling, ringing savagely. Finally it died to a broken moan then ceased entirely.



"But I'm sure you won't like this picture, Miss."

II

The autumn night was clear and far-seeing. A blue brightness lay over the land and melted into a deeper blue where earth and sky met. A wind, cold and strong, swept in from the river, sighing among the buildings and through the trees along the street Ellen walked. It rang in her ears and she found it difficult to breathe. Toward the middle of the block the street dropped sharply and came to an end. Ellen went down the embankment, leaning against the wind, her chin tucked in the huge collar of her coat. Suddenly the ringing stopped; the bite on cheeks and brow vanished. Her body straightened and she moved easily, without effort. In almost a step she had emerged from violent storm to calm. The reason loomed dark and dreadful before her. A massive wall checked the wind, leaving the lower part of the street hushed, the sting of winter yet to come. Ellen paused a moment, struck by its immensity, so large that it blotted out most of the heavens and hid a long stretch of silver river from view.

She moved reluctantly on, heading toward the part she never liked—presenting the slip of green paper at the gate. Once she was inside with Mr. Stone it was all right. She kept the coat collar high about her face and waited to be admitted.

"I can find it," she told the man.

"Joe here'll show you," he said.

"I know where it is."

"We've been through all that before. Joe'll go with you."

She didn't answer. The other man walked silently at her side, up a long drive, through a court and across the great yard. Doors opened and locked after them. They entered a narrow passageway, up a flight of stairs and down another hall. The man rapped lightly upon a door. As it swung open he moved hurriedly away, leaving Ellen alone to face the one beyond. She stepped into the room and for the first time lowered the collar of her coat. Mr. Stone watched her, feeling as he always did when they were together, awkward and insignificant. He wondered what it was about her that he liked.

"It turned real cold," she said.

He smiled at the childlike voice, so strange in such a place.

"Yes, it did," he answered inanely.

"Why can't I come up here by myself?"

"Someone has to be with you, Ellen."

"I don't like them leading me around—rubber-necking and—"

"All right," he interrupted. "I'll meet you at the gate myself from now on."

"That'll be better," she said.

He glanced at his wrist watch and buttoned his double-breasted jacket. "You'll find a drink over there in the drawer."

"I don't want it," she said.

The anxiety and eagerness which she had shown at the apartment was gone. What she believed so fine was about to happen and it brought grace and a quiet dignity. He knew that in this room her serenity could not be broken. Here showed the thing she had tried to explain, the thing he had said he understood. But now it was incomprehensible, beyond his grasp. This undisturbed attitude—as though she were the wiser and better of the two—left him indignant and confused. Defeated by her poise, and with nothing else to say, he walked swiftly from the room.

Ellen sat relaxed, her eyes going over objects seen many times before: the desk, couch, two chairs and the rose colored rug. She wondered if Mr. Stone had ever told his wife about her or this room. She tried to picture what Mrs. Stone would look like, but no image appeared. Mr. Stone puzzled her the most. Was he as shy at home as he was with her?

Continued on page 60

"I can't wait to see what she really looks like."

"If that isn't exactly what you wanted, Mr. Throckby—the store'll exchange it."

SPORTS

WORKING PRESS TICKET

By CASWELL ADAMS

Details about the world of sports—horse racing, dog racing and people...

OFTEN in these monthly chunks of prose, I have discoursed on the evils of betting on the races, a frame of mind arrived at after considerable personal punishment at the mutual machines. And also from constant reading in "The Young Man's Guide," a book of instruction written ninety-six years ago by a fellow named William A. Alcott. Besides persistent warning against such frightful things as liquor, dancing and any sort of social gatherings at night, Alcott froths at the mere thought of horse racing. Poor fellow, he must be gyrating in his grave at about two hundred revs a minute.

In one of his stodgy paragraphs he suddenly gloats over the fact that there was then no racing in New England, pointing out that the inherent piousness of staid New Englanders would forever keep those states pure and minus horse racing and its attendant evils. Wherever he is, he must get an awful feeling every morning when he reads the racing charts in the late editions of the "Heavenly Trumpet" or the "Burning Bugle." Because three of the most successful pocket-book bleeders in the world are Narragansett, Suffolk Downs, and Rockingham Park and all are situated in pious New England.

One of the nicest touches of the recent racing season—before the percherons and the touts went South or West—was in listening to the race results late in the afternoon on the car radio. There was one station—name deleted for evident reasons—on which a reporter barked all the results, scratches, mutual prices every few minutes, butting in on such trivia as news of the Russian front or Mr. Roosevelt's most recent act. And, right after the last race of the long day had been announced, an advertiser was piped in to tell all listeners that a certain hock shop was open evenings. This was lovely. Lose your money on the horses through radio and rush to the nearest office of the hock shop, carrying your auto, your furniture, your clothes, and get enough money to bet again tomorrow.

BICYCLE POLOIST

Stewart Iglehart, to my infantile mind, is one of the finest athletes in the land. He is a ten-goal polo player and I think better right now that Tommy Hitchcock, Devereaux Milburn, Capt. Cheape, Luis Lacey or any of the others ever was. At Yale he was a crackerjack hockey player, good enough to receive many professional offers after he'd shown his skill in amateur league play. He can belt a golf ball to the tune of 70, and can pat a tennis ball with power. They tell me that when he was younger he was some pumpkins at baseball and football, too, but that he never bothered at college.

I sought out Iglehart a few days ago and chatted about his various activities, which also include contracting as a sideline, and finally the thought of which is the best possible sport came up. And this fellow had the unadulterated gall to tell me that the best game to play is something called bicycle polo, which is just that, polo played on ordinary bicycles, without coaster brakes. Stewart said that he used to captain a team of bicycle poloists who played on grass and got to be real good. They could turn and switch and once Stewart got his mallet on the ball, no one could take it away from him. But for all that, I don't think that a renascence of bicycle polo is in the air. Just thought I'd bring it up.

MEMORIES

Not so many editions ago Damon Runyon wrote that the 1930 Travers Stake at Saratoga must have been seen by the largest sporting crowd in history. That was the afternoon Jim Dandy, at 100 to 1, bounced down in front of Gallant Fox and Whichone, you remember. Well, the event has been so chatted about down through the years that almost everyone who ever saw a horse race really believes he was there and tells his bar friends he was.

Now, there is another phenomenon along the same lines. That is the number of typewriters upon which Jack Dempsey fell that night in 1923 when Luis Angel Firpo clipped him one. Jack fell out of the ring onto the typewriter of a busy sports-writer, Jack Lawrence. But by now every sports-writer who was in the park, firmly believes that his typewriter is the hallowed one upon which old Johnno tumbled. I personally have been called upon to fondle at least eleven such bits of fantastic machinery and to congratulate the owner on the sacredness of it.

The afternoon Jim Dandy was humbling Gallant Fox and Whichone, I was on a steamer coming down from Nova Scotia, and the night that Dempsey mauled with Firpo I was nestled in an easy chair at Riverside, Connecticut. But even now, after a few beers I find myself saying: "I'll never forget how Gallant Fox and Whichone raced each other into the ground and Jim Dandy came roaring. I got 100-to-1 that afternoon and bought a new typewriter. But I kept the old one, you see, because it's the one Dempsey fell on that night he fought Firpo at the Polo Grounds."

TO THE DOGS

Now that football, with the exception of those real estate and chamber of commerce ventures known as Bowl games, is over, we will have our fill of basketball, track and field, and a bit of golf news from the South and West. And down in Florida the suckers, who didn't get sheared enough at the horse races, will dash madly through supper so that they'll get to the dog races in time to lose money on the first race. Which reminds me:

There was a dog at Miami in recent years called Police Officer, which through the season won everything in sight. At the end of the season, he was Miami champion and listed to run against the champions from Palm Beach, West Flagler, Tampa, Hollywood and Jacksonville, and was a cinch to be 1 to 3 in the betting, with the Jacksonville canine a sure shot to be second. So the boys took Police Officer out, leashed him to a limousine and ran him ragged. They let him eat everything he wanted and drink all the water he wanted, and then they sank all their dough on the Jacksonville dog.

And—Police Officer won! Man's best friend, my eye!

THE END

ADAMS ASKS

Herewith are ten sports questions which you are to answer correctly, if you want to rate as a sport expert. This is to test your knowledge, your acumen and your ability to find the right answers in the record books.

Just because we want to make it tougher on you the correct answers will not appear until the next issue of SWANK Magazine. Drop a line to me if you like the Sports Quiz and we'll continue it indefinitely.

Okey, sharpen your pencils, here goes . . .

1—Who preceded Lou Little as football coach at Columbia University.

2—Who are or were: (a) Booker Beckwith; (b) Ruperto Donoso; (c) Eric Boon; (d) George Frank; (e) Denny Myer; (f) Dutch Meyer; (g) Chief Meyers; (h) Wilbur Shaw.

3—How is it possible—and it is—to make a triple play in baseball without the defensive team touching the ball? There's only one solution.

4—What was the highest price ever paid for an American racehorse and what was the steed's name?

5—What is the record for a mile by a racehorse, any age, any color, any weight carried? Come within two-fifths of a second and you get this one.

6—Differentiate between these golf terms: "water hazard" and "casual water."

7—None out, with men on first and second in baseball, a fair hit batted ball strikes an umpire. What's the ruling?

8—If, in swinging at that crucial third strike the ball had struck Tommy Henrich in the World Series, and then eluded Mickey Owen and rolled back to the grandstand, what would have happened? (Don't say the Dodgers would have won the Series—that's not the answer.)

9—What is roque?

10—What is Jack Dempsey's middle name?

REVIEW OF THE MONTH

BOOK: "Looking For Trouble"

PLAY: "Best Foot Forward"

SONG: "I'm Still Without A Sweetheart"

By GEORGE LA MENDOLA

"MOTION PICTURE—It Started With Eve."

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN

THEATRE

By BIDE DUDLEY

Regarding the stage ambitions of a Hollywood star, and why good girls go to Broadway.

TIMIDITY BALKS ART

SCENE: Ethel Barrymore's own dressing-room at the theatre named for her.

Victim: Lovely Rosemary Lane, star of George Abbott's musical play, "Best Foot Forward."

Pesterer: See name at the top of this article. All right—let's go!

"Why did you give up picture acting for the stage?"

"Because my reigning ambition, and that of every other girl who starts in pictures, is to be a stage star."

"Then why don't they all try stage acting?"

"Most of them haven't nerve enough. They're afraid of Broadway and, if they are doing well in films, they just let well enough alone."

"You're making your Broadway debut, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you through with pictures?"

"No. I want to do both films and stage acting. I want to learn acting thoroughly. The stage is the cradle of all real acting."

"But musical comedy isn't, is it?"

"No. Still, I really have to act in this show. Frankly, though, I yearn for straight dramatic stage work."

"Does this dressing-room and this theatre sort o' urge you to be a Barrymore?"

(Victim of interviewer frowns.)

"Which do you mean—an Ethel or an Elaine?"

"An Ethel."

(Victim of interviewer smiles.)

"Oh, how I wish I could!" (End quotes.)

Rosemary Lane is a native of Indianola, Iowa. I drove by the town one time but didn't see it. A box car was in the way.

SOCK ME IF I'M WRONG

W. C. Fields, comedian, was on the Broadway stage a long time before he ever spoke a line. Pantomime was his forte and his boss, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, refused to permit him to deviate from its style. But later, in a musical revue under another management, Mr. Fields was permitted to talk volubly. So what did he do? He opened his mouth and said: "Never give a sucker an even break." And the waiting world went wild with merriment.

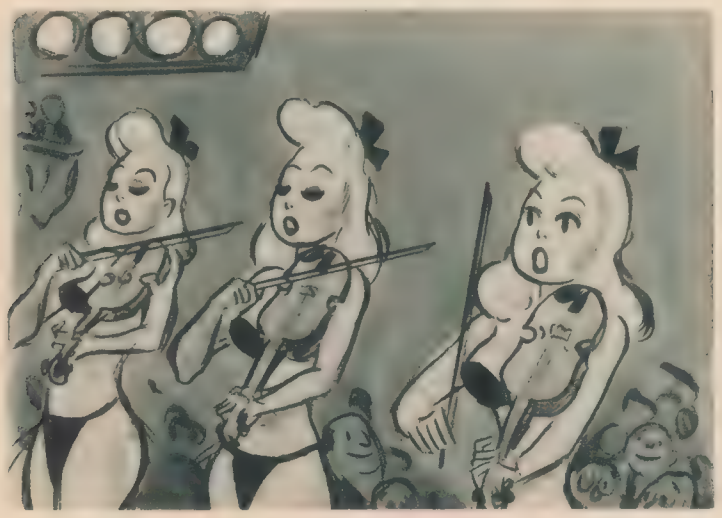
I couldn't understand it and can't yet. Of all the cheap "sidewalk comedian" lines I ever heard, "Never give a sucker an even break" is the unfunniest. Wherein lies its commendable philosophy? Or what's the matter with me? Will my favorite comedian, W. C. Fields, please enlighten me on this subject?

WE LIVE AND LEARN

The business of producing plays is just that, a *business*. Sinclair Lewis, famed novelist, didn't realize it when he decided to turn producer and stage Jack Levin's comedy-drama, "Good Neighbor." Huh! It looked easy. Mr. Lewis is reported to have dropped $26,000 and some cents in the venture.

Mr. Lewis couldn't take it. Notices, "lukewarm to bad," followed the presentation of "Good Neighbor" and the shutters went up after one—count 'em, one—performance. Had Mr. Lewis been an experienced producer, "Good Neighbor" might have continued a while and it actually might have made money, or at least, broken even. Cut rates would have brought it audiences. It had a homey Jewish angle much like that which made "Abie's Irish Rose" a success after it was a failure. But Mr. Lewis wasn't a producer in his heart. So "Good Neighbor" drowned after going down only once.

There's many a cripple that might recover if given a chance. Faint heart never won fair lady!



"Heavens, there goes my G string."

THE BARD BEATS IT

Broadway is no place for a happy, youthful, go-as-you-please Shakespeare. The truth of this statement was exemplified recently by the birth and quick demise of a production of "As You Like It," featuring Helen Craig, formerly of "Johnny Belinda," as Rosalind. Most of the members of the cast were young and completely unversed in the meanings of the Bard. They romped through his comedy while out in front sat Shakespeare fanatics and students boiling over. Surrounding these were youthful onlookers who didn't know exactly what it was all about and laughed freely at the antics on the stage.

Shakespeare, at his best, seldom is worth more than six weeks in one play on Broadway, unless he is assisted by a definitely understanding star, supported by a cast steeped in the lore of good old Bill.

"As You Like It" lasted one week. Miss Craig was pretty and gay, but still Belinda. She should forget light comedy and continue in dramatic roles a la Ulric or Lord. A good actress gone wrong!

CRITICISM THAT MISSED

Despite the fact that some of the critics on the newspapers gave "Candle In The Wind," the Maxwell Anderson play which stars Helen Hayes, notices that were analytically unfavorable, the attraction has been booming along. There have been few vacant seats at the Shubert Theatre since it opened and there have been many standees. The answer is that the reviewers who condemned the play so sharply, were thoughtless.

Helen Hayes is doing some of the finest acting of her career in this drama of Nazi-dominated France and her support is most excellent. The direction of Alfred Lunt is highly intelligent and the scenic equipment impressive. The play, itself, holds the interest and, at the same time, points out conditions in the submissive portion of France that are enlightening. But above all, it is a fine vehicle for the talents of Helen Hayes and that is what counts. Why say a song everybody is humming is a bad piece of workmanship?

THE LOGIC OF MARTHA

Helen Claire, Southern actress, tells a story on the old colored woman who lives with her and supervises things at the Claire apartment. One day, according to Helen, she came home to find Martha moping. The actress took her to task gently.

"Martha," she said, "what's worrying you? You have no real reason to worry. You have a good home here with me and I pay you well. So what's wrong?"

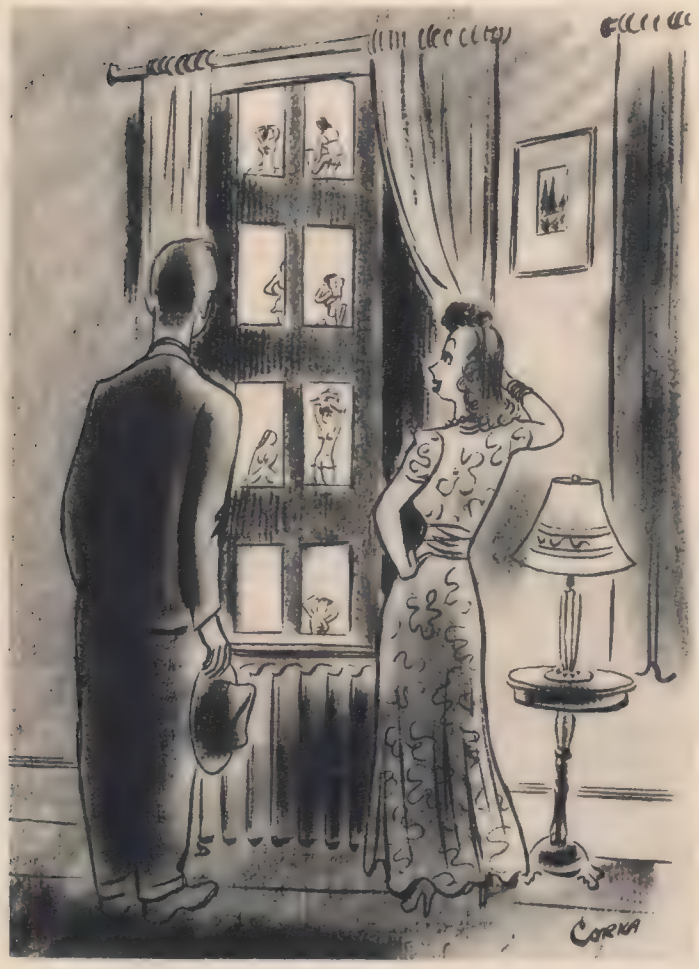
"Miss Helen," replied Martha, "ef de Lohd sends yoh tribulations ain't you got ter tribulate?"

Rosemary Lane

"But Mr. Van Thistlewaite, if you do give it to me you won't have to pay any surplus profits tax this year"

"You lucky dog! I hear you're one of her New Year resolutions!"

"If you were my fiance, what would you want for Christmas?"



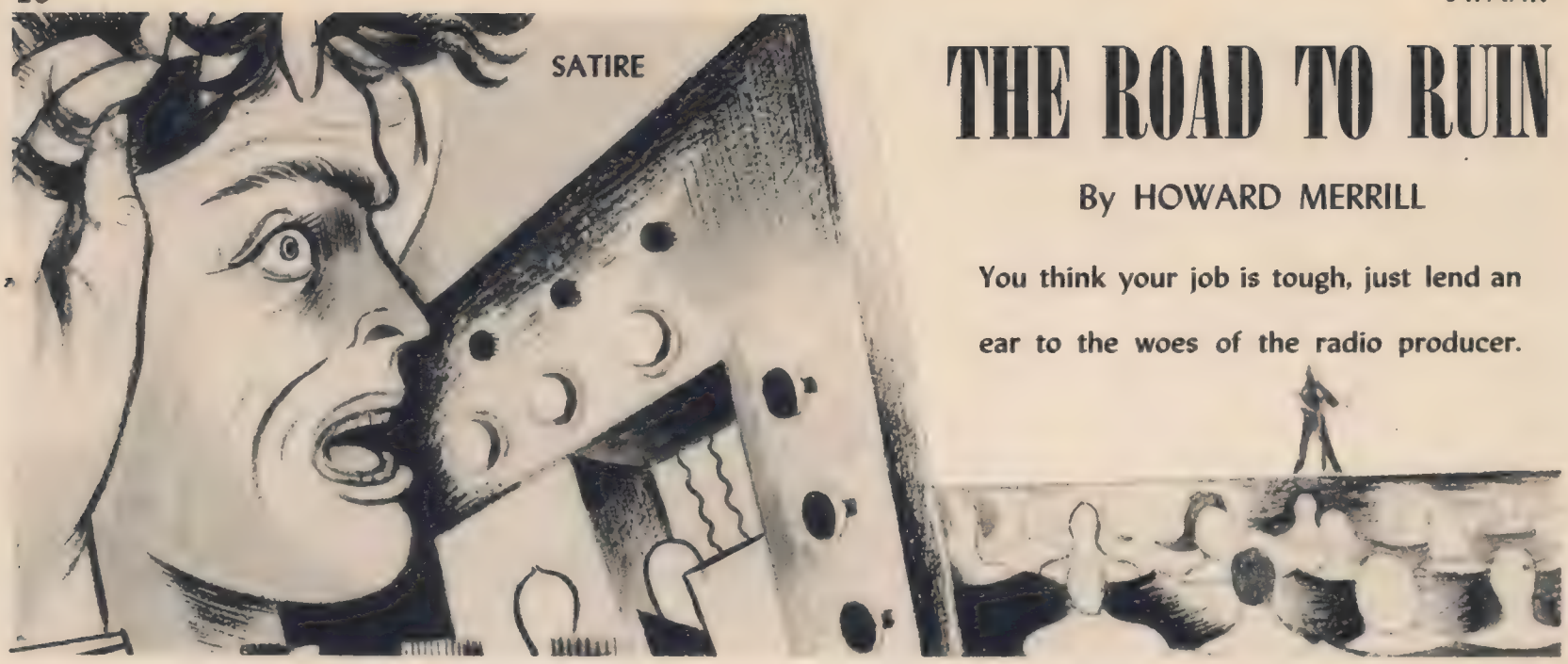
"In the daytime you can see the beach."

"Next time we fight, just give the ring back to me."

"You should have recovered two weeks ago, but something seems to have kept you exhausted!"

"Gosh, Mr. Banks, can you ever forgive me for being impetuous enough to kiss you?"

"For heaven's sake, can't you get an introduction the nice way?"



THE ROAD TO RUIN

By HOWARD MERRILL

You think your job is tough, just lend an ear to the woes of the radio producer.

I PRODUCE radio programs. Since I began I feel like I married a zombie. Radio program production is a combination of Dante's Inferno and the six day bicycle race. Some nitwits drive nitroglycerin trucks across oil fields and some maniacs get themselves shot out of cannons and a few goofs climb out on the wings of planes 3,000 feet up. I produce radio programs.

Next time you're sprawled on your sofa enjoying Clifton Fadiman or Fred Allen think about me, buddy, old pal, standing there in the glass-enclosed control room. Standing in the badly ventilated control-room, developing weak eyes from the punk lights and the poorly mimeographed scripts, staring at a stop-watch that won't stop, slowly developing stomach trouble from a rehearsal schedule that makes the regularity of meal-time on a par with the Retreat From Moscow. Yep, I produce radio programs. I analyze the batter that goes into the pancakes. I eagle-eye the assembly line.

What am I beefing about?

The program. When the script read "Time On My Hands," the announcer fluffed and said "Night and Day" and the band played "Missouri Waltz."

The crank mail. The Georgia sharpshooter who has been promising for two years to come up and knock off you and everybody else on the program. The lunatic mail. The guy who wants you to yank everything off the air so he can lecture all day on how Nature is God. The blue-sheets from the sponsors telling you if you don't bounce that tenor they'll bounce you. The pink-sheets from the Union saying if you do bounce the tenor they'll go into the First Act of the Revolution. Washington writing that the claims in your commercial announcements are tabu—and the sponsor bewailing that those claims are the essence of his radio campaign.

Oh, yes, the actor said, "Here Comes Daniel Boone now" and the fellow playing Daniel Boone was forgetful that it was broadcast time —so you dash out of the control room to play the part and be Daniel Boone—so you trip over the flimsy misplaced chairs in the studio and the ensuing laughs completely ruin the whole sketch.

Oh, yes, in an American Revolution scene some guy is supposed to keep saying "ugh ugh" like an Indian but he had a tall coke before broadcasting and he burps on one line, giving the cast the giggles and spoiling the effect of the program.

Oh, yes, the announcer gave the wrong call-letters, threw the wrong switch and then, not knowing he was still on the air, he swore like a truckdriver when someone scrapes his fenders.

Oh, yes, this script would be OK but the Catholic Church thinks it's anti-religious, the Anti-Defamation League protests that it's Anti-Semitic, the Protestant Welfare Workers condemn it as Red propaganda, the America First Committee threatens to boycott the sponsor's products, and William Allen White is on his way over with two lawyers and a blunderbuss. The sponsor's son wrote the sketch so it has to go on—but the network's boss (who is your boss, maybe) thinks it punk so it can't go on. So it must go on but it can't go on—and that settles that.

Oh, no, the heroine can't have mood music back of her monologue because you've no budget to include an organist—but if she doesn't have the monologue you'll have to find something else to insert and fill time and the writer of the show went to Banff.

Oh, no, the music spot is out anyway because the dramatic part of the show comes from Philadelphia and the music must come from there and can't be cut in on a switch to Boston. Only kind of music you can play legally would be to blow into a comb wrapped with toilet paper. (See Union rulings on "Improvised kazoos and other paraphernalia.")

Next time you're prone on the floor, rasslin' with some friends and panning the radio, give a thought, shed a tear, remember us, producing those radio programs—dream of us when the lights are low, give a drop of heart's blood to us, your brothers. We produce radio programs.

OK, the program goes on the air in six minutes. The announcer is supposed to snap his fingers during an announcement but the Union says if he does, that makes him a sound-effects man and either you hire a guy to come in and make with the fingers the snapping noise or comes pickets.

OK, the sponsor thinks it would be novel for a trained seal to blow a tune on a toy horn but the seal hasn't got a card from the Musicians' Union—so the seal can't blow. (So help me, it happened.)

OK, the network has a news-flash to stick in right at the beginning of the show so you'll have to recompute all the timings on every page for every number or you'll never get off the air on time. Four minutes to go now . . .

OK, the ingenue turned upside down in her new convertible so she's in Ward Nine instead of Studio C and the hero will have to talk to himself or double in falsetto.

OK, the girl playing Susie is a friend of the writer so Susie's dead in the story but there'll be a last-minute rewrite where Susie's ghost comes in giving that girl a chance to make more dough and working in an excuse like "Here comes Susie's ghost. Ah, her influence never dies."

OK, the hero suddenly discovers that he has a frog in his throat and needs a shot of—water to clear the vocal waves. A frantic search reveals that the nearest water tap is two flights down. You dash down and up again. Less than three minutes before air time.

OK, the shoe manufacturer thinks the baritone singing "I Love My Girl Because She Has Beautiful Eyes" had better sing "I Love My Girl Because She Has Beautiful Feet"—after all, he's selling shoes and can't understand why the change shouldn't be made. Less than two minutes to go . . .

OK, the network says the melody you've got scheduled for fifty seconds sounds faintly like the sixth strain of the third movement of "Spring Sighs" by Vladimir Somebody all of whose stuff is copyrighted so you'll have to find something else to stick in there—with less than sixty seconds before air-time.

OK, the program preceding will run forty seconds late so you'll have to recompute the recomputation of the corrected timings of the

Continued on page 55

"Cigars, cigarettes . . . Chelsea 4-3200."

Country and city knockabout type. Two eyelet, low looking blucher model in moccasin pattern. Crepe sole and heel. $5.85. ADLER SHOES.

Indoor and outdoor leisure shoe. Grained upper, leather or rubber soles. "Regal Roamer." $2.95. REGAL SHOES.

Dress shoe of black, highly finished calf. Light weight French toe. Flex processed soles, $5.95. REGAL SHOES.

Military-inspired town oxford of antiqued, hand-finished smooth leather. $4.35. A. S. BECK SHOES FOR MEN.

Step Lively

SWANKY STYLE TIPS BY THE SWANK MAGAZINE STYLE REPORTER

Smart styling and blissful foot comfort are the twin features of many popular shoes this winter season. And on the customers' side, good sense and fine taste is shown in their choice of the proper shoe for winter wear. It takes a man educated to fashion trends, acquainted with the reward of a well-fitting shoe—and the penalty of an ill-fitting one—and a fellow "wise to a good buy," to pick the shoes that will see him through a busy winter season. SWANK MAGAZINE shows some typical widely worn shoes of this 1942 season.

Sturdy town shoe. Custom stitching on a straight tip; slightly broader toe; modified spade extension sole. $7.45. LONDON CHARACTER SHOES.

Town and country brogue, blucher pattern, in shark-grained calfskin. $7.50. JOHN WARD SHOES.

Slip-on custom-made shoe. Sides expand as foot is slipped into place. Scotch and Norwegian grain featured for winter wear. $14.50 up. JOSEPH BURGER.

FICTION

35 natives or 17 important air-travellers—

which group should Nesbitt allow to die?

NO CHOICE

By GENE RIDER

IT was an odd set of circumstances. Each one separately was nothing, but when you combined them all, we had a mean situation. First, a stiff head wind and heavy ground swells; ordinarily they don't mean a thing. Second, hitting a submerged object in the harbor just as we reached taking off speed, well, that has happened before; not only in Kingston but in Miami, San Juan, St. Thomas, Cienfuegoes—any of those places. Third, having a boat load of natives loom up right in front of the plane, that has happened before, too. But all of those things at one time, they've happened only to Nesbitt and me; and it scared the hell out of me, but not Nesbitt because he is completely fearless; or as nearly so as anyone will ever be.

I've seen all of them, except Nesbitt, have their bad moments. But never Nesbitt; it's always a pleasure to get a flight assignment with him. He has that air about him that makes you feel that no matter what comes up, it'll be met with unequalled judgment and without tension. I've watched him set Clippers, Forties, Ducks and Commodores down in harbors all over hell and gone, from Manila to Miami, from Guam to Buenos Aires, and have seen some funny things happen and have been scared a few times, but never like this morning in Kingston when all these things combined to make one nasty condition. We'd flown one of the older Commodores over from Miami the day before; met Captain Reynolds and his radioman who'd shuttled over from San Juan in a Forty with four passengers and mail and had spent the Kingston evening in the usual way—iced mangoes, tea, scotch and soda, dinner, scotch and soda, then to our rooms in the myrtlebank. At eight in the morning while Nesbitt warmed up and Co-pilot Larsen was busy with notations in the flight log, I put on the phones and tested out the radio rig by giving Miami a call and getting Caribbean weather reports from him. While I scribbled, I could see the shuttle taking off for San Juan and the heavy swells were tossing the Forty about but Reynolds had a light load and had no difficulty.

While the engines idled, the dock flunkies and the flight steward got our thirteen passengers, luggage and mail for Cristobal stowed aboard, the hatch was closed, Nesbitt took a look around our part of the harbor, turned his young looking face my way, smiled his taking off smile, gunned the ship and we taxied out, the co-pilot logging the departure time.

We picked up speed, the belly of the Commodore slapping the heavy swells, the props biting into the heavy head wind. Salt spume sprayed up on to the windows, the speed indicator crept up to sixty knots and Nesbitt was getting ready to give her the final gun for takeoff.

Then the first thing happened.

It sounded like we'd torn the bottom off the Commodore and the jar was enough to make your neck snap. I bit my tongue and tasted blood. The big ship lurched to starboard and the heavy swells were hitting us broadside. Nesbitt was having it out with the controls. The thing wasn't handling right and I knew we'd taken on a lot of water. But he had himself in hand, if not the ship. Our speed was in half; he hadn't cut the engines for he needed them to keep us from tipping over—even at that the list was dangerous.

All of which was all right, for we'd just hit something submerged, torn the hull and taken on a belly full of water; and it'd just be a matter of getting the ship under control, turning about and taxiing in to get the ship hauled in, in a hurry before she'd taken on too much. It has happened before; we did it once in Rio and once in Manila.

That is, it would have been all right except for this boatload of natives that was there to be reckoned with. But there they were and it wasn't their fault. We'd been knocked from our course; they weren't the ones who were out of bounds. Just a drab, flimsy little boat with dirty patched sails and it was loaded down with natives. There must have been thirty-five of them. They really load those little inter-island boats right to the gunwales.

They were right there in front of us and Nesbitt had a situation on his hands. There wasn't a chance of avoiding them with the Commodore out of control the way it was and the boat so near. And if he'd have cut the engines, our list was so bad and the swells so heavy, we'd have been thrown over and sunk.

There were only two answers. One was to go ahead and hit them—wade right in with the heavy seaplane crashing into their slight boat. That way, our passengers would only be shaken up and if we damaged the props and engines, we were close enough to the base to be taken in tow by the crash boat before we'd taken on enough sea water to sink us. But then we'd play hell with the islanders, and the ones we didn't get, the sharks would, when the Jamaicans hit the water. The alternate was to open the throttles and attempt a takeoff at our reduced speed and a load of water and hope by all that was holy that we'd make it without cracking up and washing out the passengers and ourselves. There were seventeen in the plane and maybe twice that many people on the boat. It was a tough decision to make.

The co-pilot's face blanched and I could see the muscles in his neck tensing and I knew it was his first tight spot. But Nesbitt was completely at ease. The engines groaned, the ship shivered and I could feel the up rudder taking hold. The engines almost faltered but he used them right up to the conking out point and eased a fraction and they took hold again and we were leaving the water, flying crazily, one sided, without direction and I was holding onto the little desk for all I was worth and thinking, Christ, don't let us wash out now, just one more year of it is all I need—just one more year and it'll be all right. It was my worst moment. But I kept my eyes on Nesbitt and my fear was soon replaced with admiration for the way he was using the careening Commodore. I don't know what the co-pilot was doing; all I could see was Nesbitt's big brown hands steady at the controls.

On a sickening starboard lurch I got a glimpse outside and saw the frightened, gaping Jamaicans below us. You could almost see their bugged-out eyes. It was fortunate that their boat had short masts or we'd have fouled with them. But we didn't; we were a few feet above their top, our motors straining with every last pound of strength. The list was terrible and I was clinging to the desk and watching Nesbitt's hands, but he couldn't level off. He had to get altitude; he dared not try to set her down at that height for she'd have gone into a nose dive. He had the feel of the engines; was using them like they'd never been used before. Up to almost conking out, a slight faltering; ease off and we'd start dropping, the water below rushing up at us; then the gun gradually and we'd regain what we'd lost. And all the while we were getting

farther away from the base.

I knew what he was hoping for—to stay aloft long enough for the water to drain out of the hole in the hull; then he'd get her fully under control and turn back for the base, setting the ship down as near land as possible so he'd be able to taxi in before we filled with water.

But it was apparent that the water wasn't emptying out—the rent must have been too high in the hull. We'd gained altitude but were staying aloft only by Nesbitt's will, his strength and fearlessness. It was as though the damaged ship was taking enough strength from its pilot to hold it together. The way we were flying, an attempt to turn back meant a crack-up and we were at least three miles out now; and the further we got, the greater the chances that we'd lose the ship when he did set her down.

Then he did what I knew he'd do. He turned his head momentarily and nodded to me. I pushed the transmitter's starting switch and gave the base a quick call. It was a terse answer. CRASH BOAT ON WAY OUT. I tapped Nesbitt's shoulder and shouted "Okay!"

I held my breath as we started downward. It was a fifty-fifty chance of hitting the water without a crack-up, even with Nesbitt in the pilot's seat. But he had enough altitude to allow a little maneuvering. He caught the swells just right and the Commodore's belly slapped the water. We took an awful jolt, followed by a breath-taking roll to port and I looked out down a silver wing and saw its tip plow the water, then I could see no more for just as a sheet of spray hit the windows I cracked my head against the transmitter and all I could see was a cloud of red flecks. But we didn't tip over for Nesbitt gunned the starboard engine and it levelled off the ship.

I must've been out for a minute or so for when I came to, the ship had a different roll about her and the engines a different sound and I knew he'd managed to get her turned about toward the base. But through the engine roar and my head throb I could hear the sound of rushing water. I looked down and saw it creeping up through the floorboards. Nesbitt saw it too, but there was nothing else he could do; he had the engines at full speed already and we were bumping along crazily from billow to billow.

Then through the flying spume I caught a glimpse of the crash boat heading for us. It was none too soon. A moment later they came close by and Nesbitt cut the engines. There were no sounds now except water slapping against the sides and the gurgling as the hull continued to fill. I could feel it soaking through my shoe soles.

Before I could get myself under control, Nesbitt was already aft and quieting the passengers. But Larsen was still in his seat, a blank look on his white face. While I was busy making a log notation on my call to the base, I heard the boat come alongside and the passengers transferring. Nesbitt came back and took the flight log from the co-pilot's little desk.

"Let's go," he said.

I picked up my radio log and waded aft. "Let's go," he said again to the co-pilot and Larsen got up with a bewildered look.

The passengers and steward were already aboard the boat. Nesbitt pushed Larsen out ahead of me. I followed the co-pilot and Nesbitt leaped from the Commodore, a heavy sack of mail under his arm, water squashing in his shoes. The passengers were a mess. I particularly remember a slender British diplomat trying to light a cigarette with jumpy hands but had to have the steward's help.

No one said a word. A woman who looked like a school teacher on vacation sniffed loudly of some kind of remedy for seasickness but you could tell it wasn't doing any good—there's a difference between mal-de-mer and being scared to death.

The boat made its way slowly toward shore and I stood beside Nesbitt and watched the Commodore sink. We were about a half mile from her when she went under. She went down bow first; there was a brief glint of sunlight on her tail assembly and she was gone. Then we turned toward shore, toward the big green mountain and all the banana boats and a big white cruise ship of some sort in full dress with every flag flying in the morning's stiff breeze. Kingston's tropical buildings were amazingly white against the green hills and there was a brief sight of a horribly colored tram car creeping up a hilly street.

Nesbitt and I were aft in the boat, well away from the passengers. Without a word being spoken, you could feel that the passengers knew that he'd gambled their lives against the natives; that he'd done the wrong thing but now that they'd gotten out alive, no one knew what to say to him. Their silence was the loudest kind of reproach.

And equally, you could feel that Nesbitt knew he'd done the right thing, and his silence was bitter argument against their unspoken censure.

"It's a hell of a thing—we had some tough spots on those first Pacific flights—and now we lose a ship on a routine flight out of Kingston," said Nesbitt.

"It was just a tight spot all around," I said.

He was silent for a minute and I knew he was thinking about that big Commodore ship slithering down bow first into the harbor.

"There were about forty of them on the boat," he said.

"Something like that," I answered. "I figured thirty-five."

"If I'd have hit them we wouldn't have lost the Commodore."

I didn't answer for it isn't good to interfere when a man argues with himself out loud.

"But the ratios were all wrong. A smash-up for thirty-five people versus a probable crack-up for seventeen. That's not an equation."

I still kept quiet.

He was silent then until we'd almost reached the base. Then he said, just loud enough for me to hear, "What do you think, Sparks? Do you think the big office men will be able to understand that ratio—considering we lost the Commodore, considering I was gambling the lives of some important people against the lives of some nondescript natives?"

"Forget it," I said. "Forget it until we get back to the States. No matter what you did, it'd be wrong in a case like that."

THE END

"If you were in my boots, brother—would you want to be saved?"

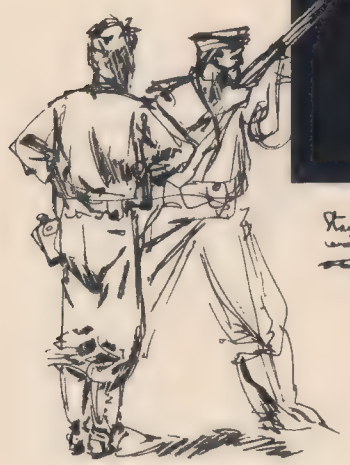
"Fatigue" clothes. Selectees seldom wear uniforms except for retreat and off hours. In most army camps, during daytime, selectees are dressed as above.

Range-officer—with the megaphone he calls out the commands for the waiting line, the ready line, and the firing line. Selectees move first to waiting line, then at his command, to ready line, finally to firing line. At his command, ball ammunition is loaded, pieces are locked on "safety" until targets actually appear over the butts (pits).

SWANK

ART IN THE ARMY

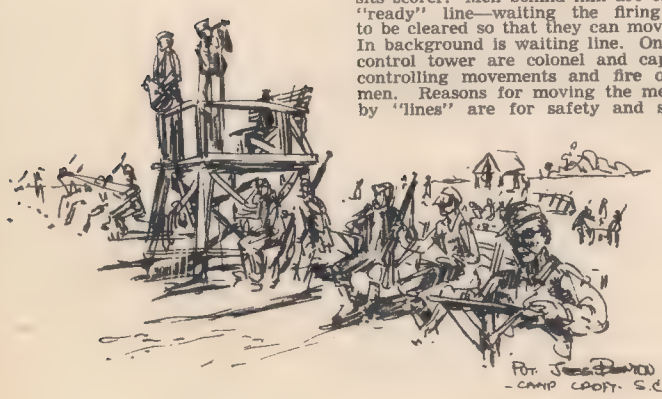
A series of sketches, drawn during the day's activities by Private Jess Benton at Camp Croft, South Carolina



Standing position—waiting for pit men to mark target

On range—standing position. After a shot, selectee and coach wait for men in pits to mark his target, before firing next shot. In this way, he figures his elevation and windage. During rapid-fire, however, targets are marked after all shots have been fired.

Slow-fire, kneeling position. Coach gets into same position as marksman. The coach is another selectee—his purpose is to watch the marksman's position, breathing, trigger squeeze, etc., and correct all faults.



Scene on the range. In right foreground sits scorer. Men behind him are on the "ready" line—waiting the firing line to be cleared so that they can move up. In background is waiting line. On fire-control tower are colonel and captain, controlling movements and fire of all men. Reasons for moving the men up by "lines" are for safety and speed.

Pvt. Jess Benton - Camp Croft, S.C.

Scene on the firing line. Scorer sits well back, records all target-markings from the pits.

Close-up of scorer. He has cardboard stuck under OD field cap to protect eyes from the blazing sun. His ears are stuffed with cotton-batting to deaden sound of incessant firing. Scorers are selected from other companies than those firing—are generally those who themselves "qualified" (shot 165 out of a possible 250) previously. He sometimes sits in the blazing sun from before daylight until sundown—fortunately, after serving from two to four days in this capacity his work as scorer is over.

ARMY

What goes on in the Army camps of a Democracy preparing for defense

THIS SWANKY ARMY

By SGT. HERB E. SMITH

THIS national emergency will end, one day, as all emergencies national and otherwise must. But we are of the opinion that something has been done to a large and representative cross-section of young male America. If the Draft has done nothing else, it has surely taught many a lad from the grass roots how to carry on in front of that haughty, austere personage, a butler. Many's the youth fresh—with the accent on the fresh—out of South Keosha Falls or Minnetonka Junction who, sooner or later after donning the Uncle's olive-drab, has been exposed to a formal dinner party (courtesy the U. S. O.), been the wide-eyed guest of a tea-pouring dowager eager to do her "bit" for "the boys,'" and/or known the inhibited pangs of that well known goldfish when he—the soldier, not the finny denizen of the openwork glass bowl—has found himself the cynosure of many a lorgnetted eye at an Uptown social function. Yes, boys and girls, it's been a tough year on our stepping-out National Defenders. And that goes double in spades for the buttling Jeeveses who've tried unsuccessfully to date, we believe, to out-dogeye the doughboys.

* * *

Leave it to the military to evolve something new in the line of beauty contests! Comes now word from Camp Lee, Virginia, of a different sort of choosing The Prettiest. Some unknown genius gave out with the thought it'd be a good idea for the fellows to display photographs of the One and Only, the pictures to be placed upon a wall with no identifying caption other than the name and outfit of the soldier entering that photo and sponsoring the lass who sat for it. The idea went over big, and there were photos from here to Sunday placed on exhibition. Came the voting, and when all returns were in (including, we assume, the repeaters) it was learned that the picture of the girl sponsored by Corporal Bob Carr of Janesville, Wisconsin, a member of Company M, 8th Quartermaster Regiment, had polled a total of 1,180 of the total 2,910 ballots cast. Investigation disclosed that the fair one chosen prettiest of all those fair coeds (some lug had even posted a photo of Hedy LaMarr!) was Miss Dorothy Mae Condon, of Jonesville. No, sir, Corporal Bob won't even give us Dorothy's phone number!

* * *

"Something new has been added"—or, shortly, will soon be added, to the already full equipment of Sergeant Winthrop Rockfeller, socially prominent New Yorker who entered the Army as a volunteer early in '41 and won his sergeant's chevrons the hard way, as a soldier should, by straight soldiering with a tough old Regular Army outfit of the First Division at Fort Devens, Mass. The "something new" will be those bright gold bars of a second lieutenant. For the sergeant is now boning for a commission at an officers' training camp at Fort Benning, Ga., and will undoubtedly achieve that admirable purpose.

* * *

Latest version of the farmer's daughter story comes to us from Prescott, Arizona, where they tell us a rancher is all set to sue the U. S. Government for damages to his porch, which he alleges was busted to hell and gone, by soldiery who, on a recent maneuver in that vicinity, visited his pretty daughter by battalions.

* * *

Handsome Robert Skinner, a private 1st class of the 134th Infantry at Fort Jos. T. Robinson, Ark., is tiptoeing past the barracks area of the 110th Quartermaster Regiment in that Deep South camp these days. Seems the boys of the 110th Q. M. Regiment were throwing a dance on the same night the 134th Infantry hop committee had chosen for that outfit's soiree. The recreation hall of the 110th was much nearer the camp gate than the hall where the Infantrymen were to hold their dance and, as a result, the fair partners from nearby Little Rock were shortstopped at the Quartermasters' dance and the 134th Infantry shindig was all stag line. Skinner, the cagey one, rounded up a crew of husky Infantrymen, tooled a big G. I. truck out of the outfit's motor pool, and slipped undetected into the Quartermasters' dance. A word here, another word there, and before you could say Fred Astaire, Skinner had snaked a truckload of fair ones right out from under the 110th's eyes, had loaded the gals aboard the 134th's truck and had transported 'em to his outfit's Eveless dance floor. Back for "seconds" (and thirds and fourths!) went this modern Lochinvar with the honeyed words about the better time to be had at the Infantrymen's party; and before the mystified Quartermasters knew the answer—Skinner—and gave him the old heave-ho, there was the 134th with bevies of the most gorgeous creatures you'd want to wrassle on any man's dance floor, and there was the 110th Q. M. Regiment hard-put to find a partner to sit the next dance out with. And that's why Bob Skinner walks softly by the Q. M. area at Robinson these days!

That winsome blonde personality recently signing in at Fort Hancock, N. J., and taking over the duties of Social Secretary at the Y. M. C. A. hut at that Sandy Hook garrison is Miss Caroline Young of Maplewood, New Jersey.

* * *

And then there was that recently-induced Selectee, handy with the mandolin-guitar, who, asked if he had any particular choice of unit in which to serve, came back with the request that he be permitted to serve in one of Major Bowes' units. * * *

Say it ain't so, boys! And we mean you Fort Ord (Calif.) boys! What's this we hear about you he-men knitting sweaters for the girls back home!

* * *

She's "Miss 101st Engineers," now, is the charming, photogenic Miss Betsy Taylor of Cambridge, Mass., who was chosen "Miss New England" at the New York World's Fair in 1940. Miss Taylor, enthusiastically adopted by the boys of the 101st at Camp Edwards, Mass., as their semi-official regimental mascot, recently made a special trip down to the Cape just to receive the proverbial "keys to the parade ground" and the Engineers, complete with band, turned out en masse to welcome their beautiful choice.

* * *

Here's a thirteen-gun salvo salute, no less, to Marlene Dietrich, she of the glorified gams. This cinematic luminary who could name—and get—a handsome figure for her personal appearance at any movie shop in the land has been giving of her time and talents, free for nothing, for the men in various West Coast camps. La Dietrich even has paid her own travelling expenses to these camps where she entertained the boys in her own inimitable manner. On one such recent voluntary show for the soldiers—on a Sunday, too, when she was at liberty between pix and could have well used a day of rest—a cinder flew into her eye and caused a minor infection necessitating an operation. Instead of taking time out to recuperate, Marlene went right back on the camp circuit. And need we tell you she's aces in every West Coast soldier's book of Reg'lar Fellas? * * *

From behind long-range bombing planes and hangar corners the boys of the Pursuit squadrons of the Army Air Corps based at Selfridge Field, Michigan, eye with many oh's and ah's the senorita Christina Michels, charming daughter of Chilean Ambassador Don Rudolpho Michels, as the dark-eyed senorita

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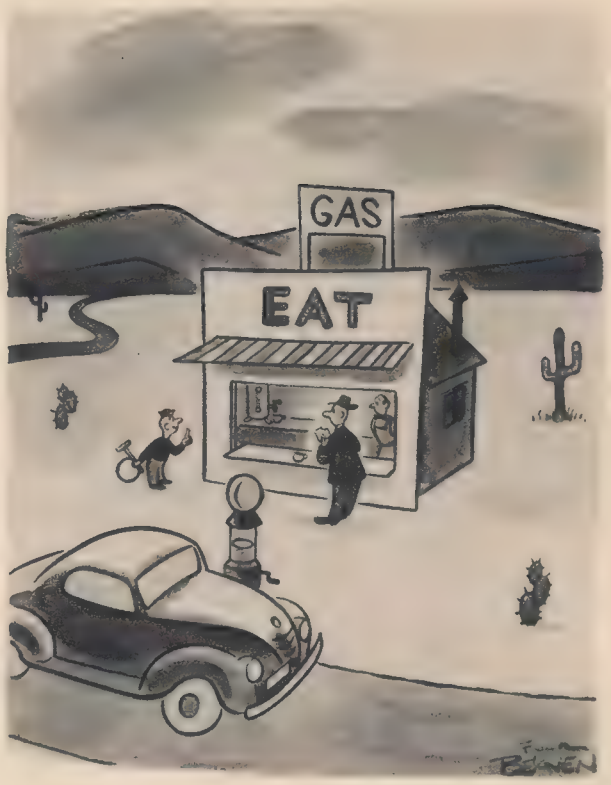
"It's twelve o'clock, Jarvis. You may blow a couple of stout blasts."

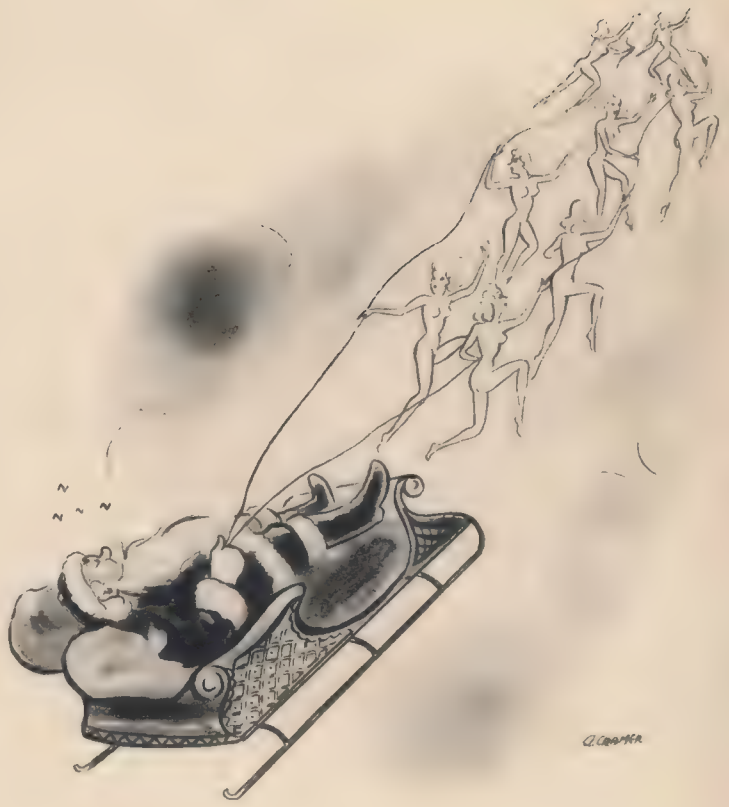
"... and what are little ghosts made of, made of, atmosphere and air, and a vacant stare, that's ..."



"Watch you car, mister?"

"Please, dear! I'm your wife! I'll let you know when it's twelve o'clock."

"Anything wrong?"



"Wolves like in Red Riding Hood?"

CINEMA

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

By JACK WOODFORD

Marie Wilson and Bryan Foy will hit the top of the heap in 1942 . . .

MARIE WILSON is one of the reasons why meanies sometimes say belittling things about the masterminds of Hollywood. Fling l' Wilson down in old Budapest, Vienna, Paris or London, and all any manager there would need would be to see her do a take. She's one of those phenomena that occur all too seldom in each age of Show Business—a natural-born comedienne.

It is easy enough for Hollywood to know what it's got when it locates a nicely filled sweater. But the scouts are unable chronically to know they have the real goods in their mitts about which something in a big Box Office way can be done.

But Hollywood does, usually, finally get there; and this column predicts that 1942 will see the meteoric rise of Marie Wilson in her proper niche at last, as a comedienne of valid talent and magnificent instinctive espieglerie.

A happy New Year is also predicted for Miss Dorothy Arzner, ace Hollywood director who hasn't been as busy during 1941 as she should have been. Miss Arzner in the past has done many superb features for nearly every major studio in Hollywood; her top achievement, perhaps, being "Craig's Wife," probably the only instance of a stage play being improved in its transfer to the screen. Miss Arzner is the only lady movie director in Hollywood. Being a lady in Hollywood isn't easy. Being a lady movie director is unlike anything else on earth that could happen to a woman. But the National Defense is taking deep toll of men directors. If the superb artistry and deep understanding that Miss Arzner evidenced in "Craig's Wife," is any criterion of the directorial possibilities *femme* there will be a lot of lady directors in Hollywood, come all out war; since, given one-tenth of one percent the chance she deserves in 1942, Miss Arzner will amply prove that movie direction is not necessarily a man's job.

A less foggy New Year is predicted for Kenneth MacKenna, story editor at M-G-M (Also ex-husband of Kay Francis, and brother of big time stage set designer Mieltziner.)

A lush 1942 is predicted for Will Hays, the man upon whom everybody picks, with never a kind word, and nothing but eighty grand a year as heart balm.

For years, in spite of employing him and paying him a pretty penny, Hollywood has used him as town Whipping Boy Number One. Hollywood's dislike of him expressed itself in the lurid snub tendered during the Senate Investigation of alleged propaganda en celluloid, when Wendell Willkie was permitted to sit in the Senate torture chamber and make faces, instead of Hays, while Hollywood biggies made monkeys out of Senate smallies.

Nobody who knows Hollywood has ever believed that Hays is a prude. He is merely the shock absorber for prudes. The haze over Hollywood has always been caused by fires in the hinterlands. When Willie snatches sweaters off Lana Turner, it isn't because he believes, with the P.T.A. that mammary glands are a device of the devil and should be removed surgically for fear of corrupting youth. It is merely that he knows from past experience that the Interchurch Movement is always right in the end, so he thriftily chucks the old bags of both sexes under their double chins and chisels away on those portions of the feminine anatomy which frighten the righteous. Hays will be needed more in 1942 than he has been needed in a decade out here, and he knows it, because Hollywood enters 1942 simply dripping with rope, on account all of its old enemies said nice things about it during the Senate Investigation, because its old enemies hate isolationists worse than they hate Hollywood.

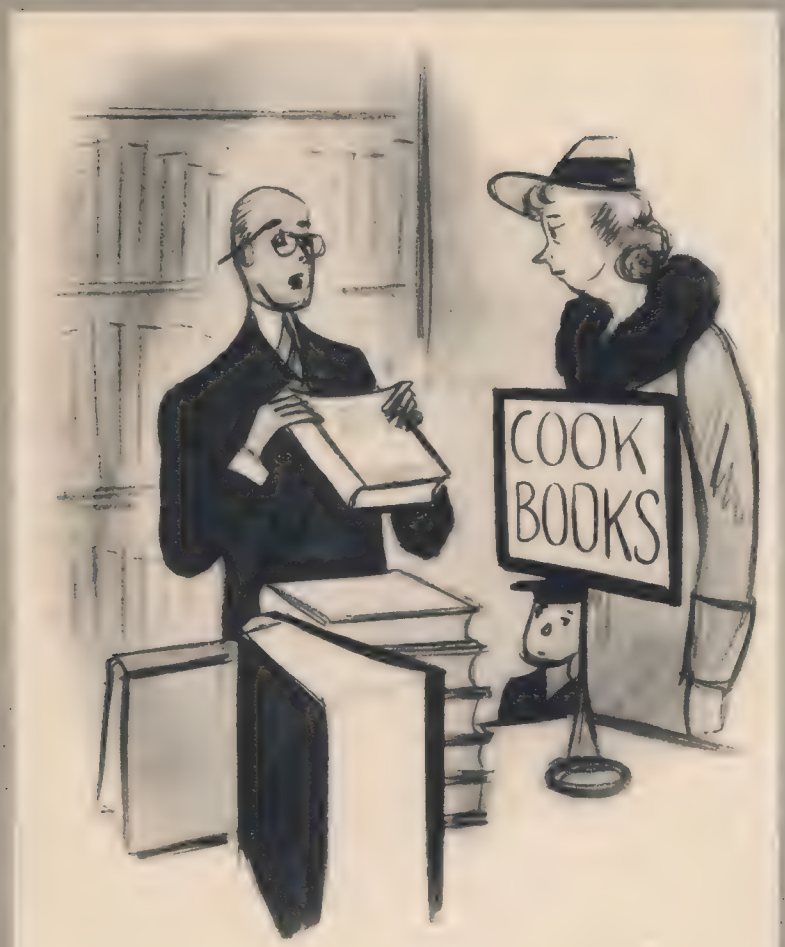
In Hollywood there is a fresh new panic for the fresh new year. If you try to discuss it at Chasen's or Schwab's, you get told: "We don't talk about that." It isn't that still of Carmen Miranda that everybody in town has; nor is it yet the one of Dorothy Lamour that the lads from Technicolor bootleg; nor does it concern juke boxes, or the Gin Rhummy which is putting a terrible crimp in ticket sales all over the country. It's Home Movies. Not the old, corny kind, but brand new streamlined stuff, growing in popularity so fast, that 1942 will undoubtedly see the whole thing loom large locally.

Home movies, in the past more or less a joke, because of the high cost of home projectors, are swinging into amazing stride; in of all places, not Florida, but Chicago, Illinois, where Essanay not so long ago turned out the early Chaplin pictures. The local big shot of home movies there is one Gar Griffin, who is said to control most of the important money behind several of the largest of the concerns, these being Bantam Pic-

Continued on page 61

"Now, Miss Turnwyck, which would you rather have as the lead in your next picture—under 21 or over 35?"

"What do you want 'em in for no minimum—underwear?"



"Now here's a mystery cook book. You don't find out what happened to your husband until the last chapter."

"Don't look at me, they're whistling for my teacher."

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Facts about authors and writing and people and such—

"Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashoned, my tales be told."

So versified John Masefield before the war, and so sings Arthur Koestler during the present conflict—in his magnificent autobiography, *Scum of the Earth.* In a compassionate tone of voice with heartening overtones of humor, Koestler echoes the maddening cry of those intellectuals impaled in the French concentration camps.

The author, a Hungarian, was living in the Alpes Maritimes in France at the outbreak of hostilities, pursuing his journalistic career. Some of his first observations are those of the French soldiers. Frenchmen who loved the comforts of their homeland, but not the homeland; soldiers who hated nothing (no, not even Hitler), nothing except a war. What a monstrous crime it was that France should fall victim to an internal inertia.

Swept into the gutter of suspicion along with tens of thousands of others, Koestler was sucked from the barbed wired enclosures of the Roland-Garros tennis stadium into that sewer of all concentration camps, Le Vernet. There was spent most of a bitter two years.

To a tale of despair—punctuated by suicides, cruelties, and the practiced art of sadism—the author brings a surprising amount of heroic whimsicality. He seems to solve with magical ease how to insert humaneness in his observations of a decaying France. The book closes with his escape to England. Reports since tell of a brief interment in Pentonville Prison, his final release and his present membership in the British Army.

If your desire is to read about "the scorned, the rejected, the men hemmed in with spears," if your wish is to appreciate words arranged poignantly, then be sure to place on your night-table *"Scum of the Earth."*

* * * * *

STABS IN THE DARK
For the Criminally Intent

Gypsy Rose Lee, famous stripteuse, has authored what Simon and Schuster choose to call a mystery-story. It isn't. But they'll probably be able to get the two dollars they're asking for *"The G-String Murders"* because Gypsy wrote it. And those who derive excitement from a burlesque show will get that kind of thrill from this book. It's lusty, it's fun—ladeees and gentlemen, meet the gal with the diamond-studded G-string!

* * * * *

The Norths are here again! Or rather, they're up there at a lakeside holiday camp. *Murder Out Of Turn* is the book which Frances and Richard Lockridge contribute to the crime-circle. A nifty yarn with marital troubles for the young couples, murders for Inspector Bill W., and chuckles for us.

There's always a first time. We put down the Lockridge's book at one A. M., couldn't sleep so picked up another. It turned out to be *A Pinch of Poison.* This also by Frances and Richard L., and also about Pam North. But more so. So much about her, her witticisms and quippicisms that the murder of the young female beauty which Inspector Weigand sets out to solve seems in comparison as lifeless as the victim. But who cares?—

* * * * *

The setting of *Evil Under the Sun* is also a resort. But with Hercule Poirot dressed for pleasure at a large summer hotel, and reluctant to stain his white trousers. He changes his mind when a red-headed actress is killed. Agatha Christie throws clues right and left, binding you with a few false ones, and leads to a smashing climax. Recommended.

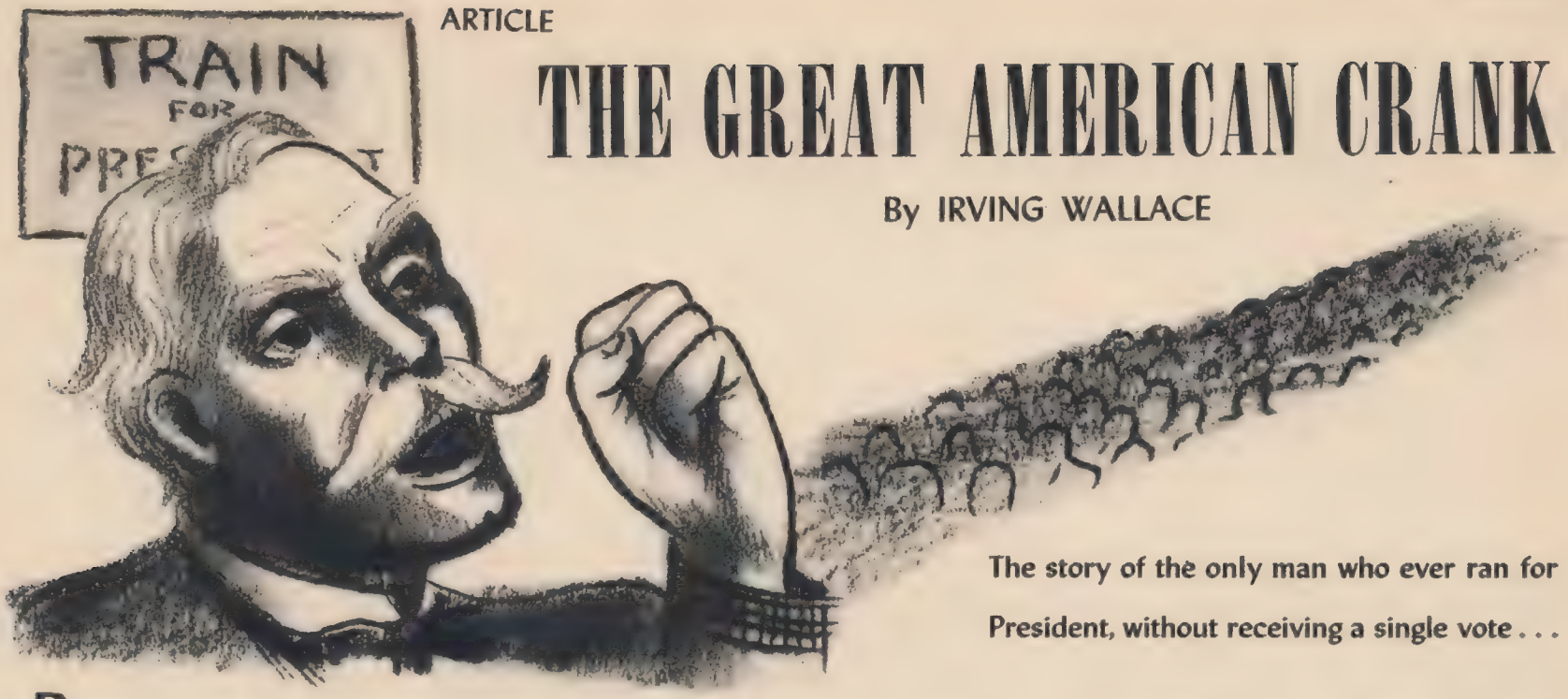
* * * * *

Helen Reilly, known for some time as a top-notcher to mystery-lovers, has rung up the curtain on an intriguing new tale: *Three Women in Black.* The house-lights are down, the audience expectant—when Dr. Gilbert Shane steps on the stage to give an exhibition of black magic. Bingo—he's stabbed. But not one of those watching the performance have seen the murderer. Inspector McKee suspects Dr. Shane's wife, Naomi. You suspect everybody. Enhancing the fluid narrative is a love story which if anything, heightens the interest. As we said before—Bingo.

ARTICLE

THE GREAT AMERICAN CRANK

By IRVING WALLACE



The story of the only man who ever ran for President, without receiving a single vote . . .

RESULTS of the 1872 presidential campaign list the total votes collected by Mr. Grant, running for re-election on the Republican ticket, Mr. Greeley, a Liberal Democrat, and Mr. O'Conner, representing Labor Reform —but nowhere can be found a tabulation of the ballots earned by George Francis Train, crackpot, Croesus, genius, adventurer and jailbird, who ran independently.

Mr. Train conducted a vigorous three-year fight for the presidency. He made 1,000 epic speeches before two million people who paid $90,000 to hear him. And yet, he did not receive a single vote!

Such was the fate of Mr. Train, one of America's most recently unique figures, who modestly explained his political defeat in these words:

"I possessed tremendous power over audiences. So long as I could reach them with my voice, or talk with them or shake hands with them, I could hold them; but the moment they got out of my reach, they got away from me, and slipped back again to the sway of the political bosses."

It was this same Mr. Train who made thirty million dollars in shipping and railroads, who was declared a lunatic, jailed fifteen times, inspired a Jules Verne book and thought he would never die if he ate a bag of peanuts daily!

George Francis Train's career began against a backdrop of tragedy. In 1833, an epidemic of yellow fever swept through New Orleans, and young Train was promptly placed on a steamer, a huge tag dangling from his neck, upon which was written in his father's hand:

"This is my little son, George Francis Train, four years old, consigned on board this ship HENRY to John Clark, Jr., Dock Square, Boston; to be sent to his grandmother Pickering, in Waltham, ten miles from Boston. Take good care of the little fellow, as he is the only one left of eleven of us in the house, including the servants. I will come as soon as I can arrange my business."

That was the unusual beginning to a career unprecedented in the annals of eccentricity. At the age of sixteen, Train was scheduled for a very ordinary future. He was enlisted as an understudy in a firm of exporters—and by the time he was twenty, he was playing the main role. He became a partner in the firm, sent forty clipper ships to California in wake of the gold rush and pyramided his annual salary to $95,000.

Having survived the piracy of the business world, Train looked abroad for new outlets. He went to England, and gave the Old World its first streetcars. He crossed over to France, chatted with Louis Napoleon and flirted with the Empress Eugenie. And in Australia, observing the sufferings of the poverty-stricken miners, he incited them to rebellion—and when victory was in sight, he refused an offer to become the first President of a new Australian Five Star Republic, withdrew and saw the rebellion fail.

All through Train's life ran this same strain of incompleteness. He was, paradoxically, a superb opportunist who never fully developed an opportunity.

Within his energetic frame, a gnawing demon constantly drove him to strange and bizarre experiences. Having tasted of a new repast, he left it unfinished. George Francis Train's weakness was this—he was always satisfied too soon. Consequently, his time knew him only as a pleasant eccentric—and not as one who had been brushed by genius.

When the first guns fired on Fort Sumter, Train was in London. A northerner, a rabid Unionist, he fought valiantly for the Lincoln idea, and it is said, was greatly responsible for England failing to recognize the Confederate States.

At the end of the Civil War, Train went to Nebraska, organized the Credit Mobilier Trust and through it promoted the Union Pacific Railway. In his spare moments, he founded the city of Omaha, acquired 5,000 lots which eventually were worth thirty million dollars.

While in Omaha, he became dissatisfied with the hotel in which he slept. He confronted the proprietor.

"Mr. Cozzens," said Train, "your hotel is the dirtiest, most uncomfortable hovel I've ever slept in!"

"Well, if you don't like it, go and build one of your own!" snapped Cozzens.

Train needed no further encouragement. In exactly sixty days, he gave Omaha a new hotel. And he called it—The Cozzens Hotel!

In 1870, after having started a movement to hang Boss Tweed, and after being jailed in Dublin for inciting Fenians, George Francis Train started on the first of his trips around the world. He made the difficult journey in eighty days. At one point, in Japan, he was stymied.

"At Nagasaki, the Consul told me that no foreigner could get a passport in less than three days," recalled Train. "I said I'd get one in less than three hours or see the Mikado or burst the empire. I went to Tokyo, and got my passport in thirty minutes!"

This widely publicized trip gave a French writer of romantic tales the idea for a novel. The French writer was Jules Verne, and he immortalized Train as Phineas Fogg in "Around the World in Eighty Days."

Incidentally, another person also capitalized on the idea. Nellie Bly, first of the sob-sisters, girdled the globe in seventy-two days, during 1890, for the sake of progress and the "New York World." Five thousand people greeted her as she returned from Yokohama.

All of which distressed Train to the point where, just two years later, he made another dash around the earth. This time he did it in sixty days.

But the climactic peak in his career came in 1872. Disappointed when the Democrats nominated Horace Greeley instead of himself, Train decided to run for the presidency on an independent ticket.

"I had not the slightest doubt that I should be elected," he later wrote. "And, with this sublime self-confidence, I threw myself into the campaign with an energy and fire that never before, perhaps, characterized a presidential candidate. I went into the campaign as into a battle. I forced fighting at every point along the line, fiercely assailing Grant and his nepotism on the one hand, and Greeley, and the spirit of compromise and barter that I felt his nomination represented, on the other."

Train traveled from city to city, tirelessly haranguing crowds. He was an erect and impressive figure, with his flowing moustache and trimmed goatee. At each train stop, he distributed pamphlets, penned in rhyme, entitled "Man of Destiny," which contained such passages as—

"Wake up, people! Smash the Rings!
Down with party! Death to Kings!"

His platform contained six rather unusual planks. They were: Woman Suffrage, Republicanize Europe, Le Drapeau Rouge, Success to Strikes, Penal Servitude for Briber and Bribed, Inland and Ocean Penny Postage.

But in the end, as has been recorded, the ballots did not show a single vote for George Francis Train. Not even his own!

"The people, as Barnum has said, love to be humbugged," he admitted sadly. "They are quite ready to pay tribute to the political boss and spoilsman."

At the time, Victoria Woodhull, and her free-love theories, was the sensation of Manhattan. In the recent campaign, with a negro as her partner on the Equal Rights ticket, she had been the first woman ever to run for President of the United States. Through the efforts of Anthony Comstock, the reformer, she was jailed for publishing an "immoral" article in her paper about Henry Ward Beecher.

When Train heard of her arrest, he hurried

Continued on page 64

HE AND SHE

To express their admiration for the other's taste in dress these young people wear similar garments . . . Both wear the SHARLKO Arlington-loomed gabardine topcoat, especially fashioned for wind and rain resistance. The iridescent tan—among other colors—is extremely attractive to both men and women. Style features include the smart set-in sleeves, military collar, slash pockets, neat fly front. $29.75. Retail outlets clude Kennedy's, Boston; Jacob Reed's, Sons, Phila. KNOX HATS were their choice for matching sport toppers. The young woman wears the Safari felt at $8.95; the gentleman's broad-brimmed Knox is $10.

For answer to all queries, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Swank Magazine, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NITE SPOTS

SWANK GOES PLACES

By HY GARDNER

Every Sunday is New Year's Eve.

THERE'S a new circuit the celebs are playing these Sunday nights and it's such a robust one that if you meet a grease-painter who hasn't worked since your favorite cigarette lighter, and he tells you he's been suffering from a series of nosebleeds lately from taking bows, don't boo, but take your favorite barmaid and go Sunday night star-gazing at no extra rise in prices!

For the Sunday Celebrity-Testimonial-Birthday-Anniversary Party season has become even more buxom than a party named Elsa Maxwell or the parties staged by her.

The formula is a simple one. Almost anyone in the public eye or hair is selected as the important "name" upon which the party can be pegged. A ringside table is provided for the "Guest of Honor" who is permitted to invite as many friends as can be corralled. On Broadway that's not as broad an invitation as it sounds for some of the guests could be given testimonial dinners in a 'phone booth and still have enough room left over to dial another double-crossing darling.

Like the wrestling game, few holds are barred, few rules are observed. The "Guest" can be Society, a stage luminary, a screen personality, a radio wow or a 4th Estator—or, if it's a "no" week anyone who has become notorious enough in the news to be what the boys at Variety call "a box office natural" makes fine foil.

Once the proposed "Guest of Honor" gives the nod to the bid a list of his known cronies is deluged with cards, suggesting that the party'd be a flop without their presence. No hint is given that what is meant is a "financial flop". The "best liked" partner in the combo then wires, cables or telephones all the movie and radio names allegedly in Manhattown and insists, without fear of being redundant, that the party'd lay eggs without the hams' attendance. The booking agent for the club begins perking up an eye for new talent, to be "auditioned" for "audience-reaction" at their regular salaries, less a minor matter of from 15% to 95% for the chance to display their wares before the "right" people. The press agent waxes enthusiastic over a mimeograph; husky-sized ads are placed in the big circulation rags featuring the name of the "Guest (or Guests) of Honor" in size type not quite as large as the aforementioned guest's noggin—and the stage is set for the "Famous Sunday Tribute to a Genuine Pal Whose Sincerity is Unquestioned", at least 'til Monday morning.

Of the recent vintage of nightspots, Leon & Eddie's is the veteran Sunday party-giver, having tossed these saccharine-studded shindigs with religious regularity every summer, winter, spring and fall for the past four or five years, even going so far as to invite patrons to "Relax in Their Slacks" during the sultry Sundays of the Summer.

In recent weeks James McKinley Bryant (the author of the Cafe Society Social Register); Tommy Manville (whose ex-wives and secretaries alone could fill the jernt); Vincent Lopez; Jack Waldron; Nick Kenny (the Poor Man's Edgar Guest); Louis Prima and Barbara Bannister, the Ham Heiress or vice versa (and one of our "right guys" is Barbara) have been the As-Advertised Blue Plate Specials with sauce by Eddie Davis and a Bobby Sanford Revue that glorified the club's slogan: "No Cover at Any Time".

Joe Moss, the Beebe of the Bistros who really started these Sunday Night soirees when he opened the Hollywood Cafe years ago, has revived the practice at his new Beachcomber, with capacity crowds enticed by the names of Joe Frisco, Jerry Cooper, Sammy Walsh, Nancy Walker, Diosa Costello, Gloria Franklin, Fred Keating and others not averse to pre-appearance billing and commercial cooing.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the best known Mistress of Marriage Ceremonies; Honeychile Wilder, who says nothing but says it delightfully with a Southern drawl; Sally Rand, who parlayed two fans into twenty million fans and Francis Lederer of the cinema are some of the autograph-hunted folk to draw the denizens of the dark to the Hurricane Club Celeb Parties since the draft started at the Hurricane.

While Sherman Billingsley doesn't go in for highly-touted Sunday Nightmares, he does run those Balloon Sweepstakes—loosing one balloon for each buffoon in his swank saloon—each bloated bubble (the rubber ones) containing a card advising the bearer what prize she has coming to her. Even these dignitaries like winning sumpthin' for nutthin', a neat observation Senor Sherman, the number one night club psychologist of our time, found out to his financial well-being many years ago. Billingsley's roster of patrons ranges from the Roosevelt boys, Gene Autry, Errol Flynn, Jack Benny and Helen Hayes to Tommy Harmon, Tommy Dorsey, Tommy Dewey, Jim Farley, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Pearl to Mr. Power's most famous model.

Patricia Donnelly won a prize entitling her to dinner for six at the Stork Club—but she didn't pop in to claim her reward. "I can't afford the size tip I'd have to pay for six people," she explained.

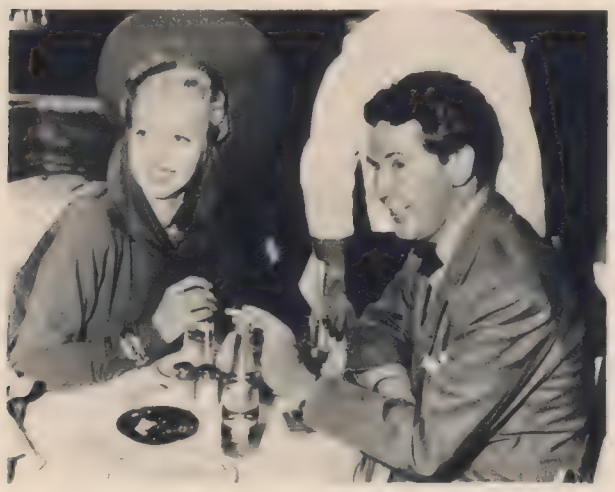
Nick & Arnold, who just went in for the most pretentious girl show in East Side history at their beautiful Versailles Club, have found that Screeno-on-Sunday nights draws crowds in goodly numbers. Their prizes range from pedigreed pups to Silver Foxes.

Monte Proser, at the Copacobana, hasn't gone in for Sundazedoings yet. "I'm too busy to think about getting busier," he grins.

Even Broadway Rose was a "Guest of Honor" (and I don't mean of the City!) some Sundays ago. The Ringside Cafe, a boisterous bistro neighboring Roger's Corner on 8th Avenue opposite the Garden, played host to Rose but wouldn't let the crowd see her until she was ready to go on. By that time the last Rose of Summer was wilting and, resenting an emcee's introduction, grabber the microphone and glared at her crowd of assorted gladmirers and sadmirers: "You're all a bunch of Broadway crumbs," she sassed. "I wouldn't associate with you," and with that the Glorified Panhandler of Broadway left in a huff.

Most of the clubs run Celebrity Sundays of minor or major importance—providing 52 New Year's Eves every year—but I really won't be satisfied that the millenium has finally arrived until Hayden's Planetarium features Guest Stars on Sunday Nights Only!

THE END



Carole Landis and Burgess Meredith, a new Broadway twosome, watching the revue at the Hurricane.

Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche and Eddie Davis enjoying the star-studded show at Leon and Eddie's.

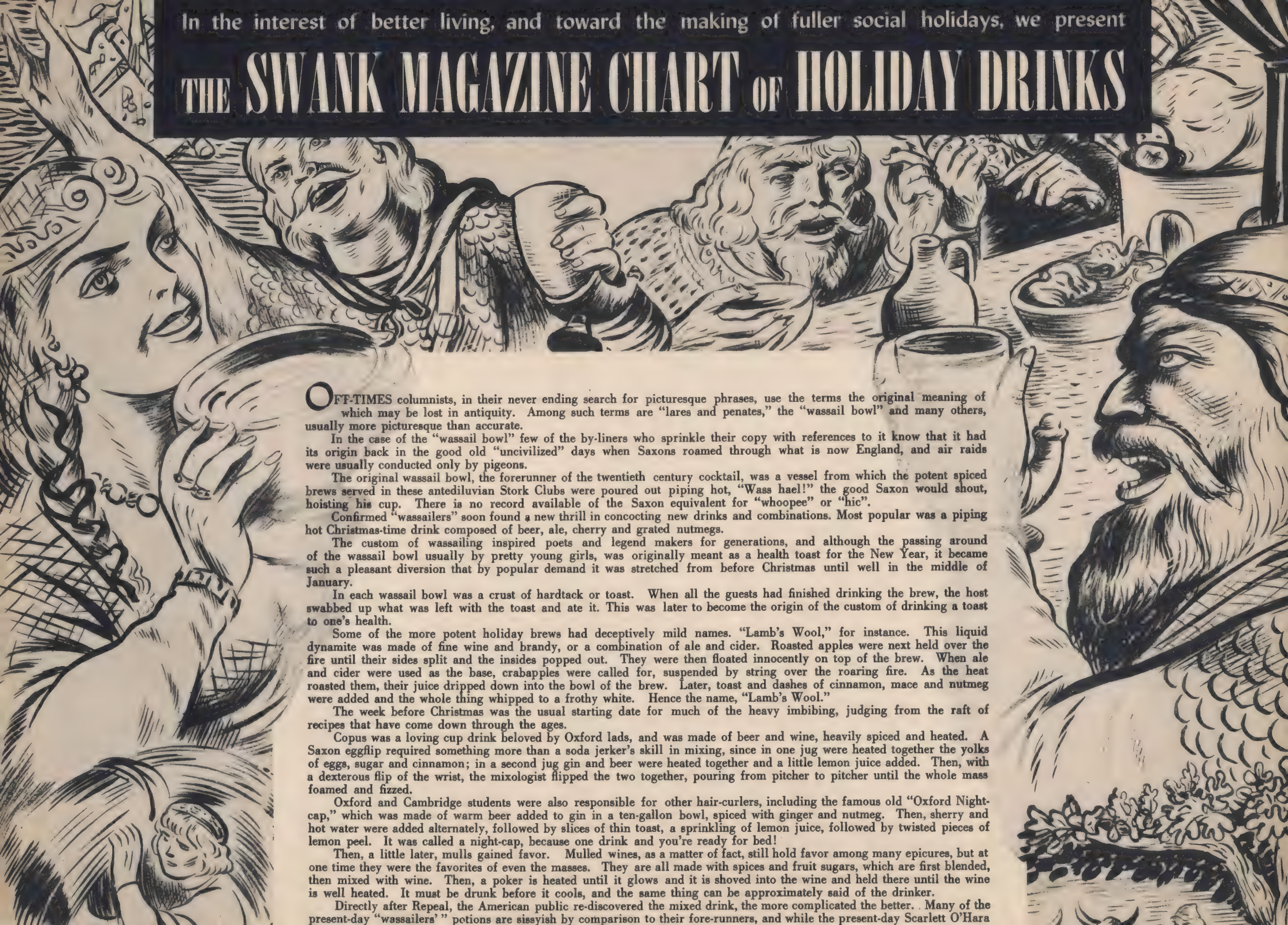
Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond (Jeanette MacDonald) making merry.

DINAH SHORE

Murray Korman Photo.

In the interest of better living, and toward the making of fuller social holidays, we present

THE SWANK MAGAZINE CHART OF HOLIDAY DRINKS



OFT-TIMES columnists, in their never ending search for picturesque phrases, use the terms the original meaning of which may be lost in antiquity. Among such terms are "lares and penates," the "wassail bowl" and many others, usually more picturesque than accurate.

In the case of the "wassail bowl" few of the by-liners who sprinkle their copy with references to it know that it had its origin back in the good old "uncivilized" days when Saxons roamed through what is now England, and air raids were usually conducted only by pigeons.

The original wassail bowl, the forerunner of the twentieth century cocktail, was a vessel from which the potent spiced brews served in these antediluvian Stork Clubs were poured out piping hot, "Wass hael!" the good Saxon would shout, hoisting his cup. There is no record available of the Saxon equivalent for "whoopee" or "hic".

Confirmed "wassailers" soon found a new thrill in concocting new drinks and combinations. Most popular was a piping hot Christmas-time drink composed of beer, ale, cherry and grated nutmegs.

The custom of wassailing inspired poets and legend makers for generations, and although the passing around of the wassail bowl usually by pretty young girls, was originally meant as a health toast for the New Year, it became such a pleasant diversion that by popular demand it was stretched from before Christmas until well in the middle of January.

In each wassail bowl was a crust of hardtack or toast. When all the guests had finished drinking the brew, the host swabbed up what was left with the toast and ate it. This was later to become the origin of the custom of drinking a toast to one's health.

Some of the more potent holiday brews had deceptively mild names. "Lamb's Wool," for instance. This liquid dynamite was made of fine wine and brandy, or a combination of ale and cider. Roasted apples were next held over the fire until their sides split and the insides popped out. They were then floated innocently on top of the brew. When ale and cider were used as the base, crabapples were called for, suspended by string over the roaring fire. As the heat roasted them, their juice dripped down into the bowl of the brew. Later, toast and dashes of cinnamon, mace and nutmeg were added and the whole thing whipped to a frothy white. Hence the name, "Lamb's Wool."

The week before Christmas was the usual starting date for much of the heavy imbibing, judging from the raft of recipes that have come down through the ages.

Copus was a loving cup drink beloved by Oxford lads, and was made of beer and wine, heavily spiced and heated. A Saxon eggflip required something more than a soda jerker's skill in mixing, since in one jug were heated together the yolks of eggs, sugar and cinnamon; in a second jug gin and beer were heated together and a little lemon juice added. Then, with a dexterous flip of the wrist, the mixologist flipped the two together, pouring from pitcher to pitcher until the whole mass foamed and fizzed.

Oxford and Cambridge students were also responsible for other hair-curlers, including the famous old "Oxford Night-cap," which was made of warm beer added to gin in a ten-gallon bowl, spiced with ginger and nutmeg. Then, sherry and hot water were added alternately, followed by slices of thin toast, a sprinkling of lemon juice, followed by twisted pieces of lemon peel. It was called a night-cap, because one drink and you're ready for bed!

Then, a little later, mulls gained favor. Mulled wines, as a matter of fact, still hold favor among many epicures, but at one time they were the favorites of even the masses. They are all made with spices and fruit sugars, which are first blended, then mixed with wine. Then, a poker is heated until it glows and it is shoved into the wine and held there until the wine is well heated. It must be drunk before it cools, and the same thing can be approximately said of the drinker.

Directly after Repeal, the American public re-discovered the mixed drink, the more complicated the better. Many of the present-day "wassailers'" potions are sissyish by comparison to their fore-runners, and while the present-day Scarlett O'Hara

cocktail may be only a chaser to the Oxford night-cap, there's still many a slip twixt the lip and the cup—usually right on your face!

We list below many of the standard present day favorites with an appendix of suggested brands and approximate prices of each. We point out, however, that the prices listed are at best an approximation, since tax differentials, price wars, and other differentials due to locality, etc., make an exact listing virtually impossible.

DRINK	INGREDIENTS	RECIPE
GLOG (Serves 15 persons)	Granulated Sugar Bitters[1] Claret[2] Sherry[3] Brandy[4]	Use large casserole. First put ¾ cup of granulated sugar in bowl, add 2 oz. bitters, then pint of claret and pint of sherry. Mix well, then add pint of brandy. Place over fire until piping hot. To serve, put 1 large raisin and 1 unsalted almond in an Old Fashioned glass and fill glass ¾ full. (Put spoon in glass before pouring hot liquid to prevent cracking.)
EGG NOG (Serves 6 persons)	Eggs Sugar Milk and Cream Rye Whiskey[5] Brandy (or)[4] Puerto Rican Rum[6]	6 eggs are first separated. Then, beat yolks of eggs with 2 teaspoons of granulated sugar. Add 9 oz. of rye whiskey slowly, then pint of milk. Then add 3 oz. of either brandy or Puerto Rico rum according to taste. Whip pint of cream lightly and add to mixture. Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff and add to other ingredients. Chill in refrigerator for at least 3 hours—longer if possible.
BRANDY TODDY	Sugar Brandy[4] Boiling Water	Place one teaspoon of granulated sugar in toddy glass and dissolve with a little boiling water. Add 1½ oz. brandy, then fill glass with piping hot water. Stir gently. Grate a little nutmeg on top and serve. (To prevent cracking, place spoon in glass before adding hot water.)
TOM AND JERRY* (Serves one) *Ed. note—Because of the many recipes for this drink, we are listing here the two most widely used.	Egg Sugar Rum[6] Rye Whiskey[5]	Separate yolk and white of one egg and beat each separately. After each has been well beaten, mix together in an 8 oz. mug. Then, add tablespoon of granulated sugar. Follow with ¾ oz. of Jamaica Rum and ¾ oz. of rye whiskey. Fill glass with either boiling water or very hot milk. (Milk should never be allowed to boil.) Stir well. Grate nutmeg on top and serve.
TOM AND JERRY (For 12 persons)	Eggs Sugar Whiskey[5] (or) Brandy[4] Rum[6]	Separate yolks and white of a dozen eggs. Beat the whites thick, add 3 tablespoons of sugar. Beat the yolks thin, then mix both to make batter. Place 2 tablespoons apiece in each of 12 mugs. Add one jigger of rye (or brandy) and follow with ½ jigger of rum. Fill glass with boiling water or very hot milk. Grate nutmeg on top and serve.
APPLE TODDY (Serves 12)	Pippin Apples Granulated Sugar Apple Brandy[7] Peach Brandy[8] Boiling Water Sherry[3]	Roast a dozen pippin apples with their skins on and mash well while still hot. Then add 1½ pounds of granulated sugar, two quarts of apple brandy and a pint of peach brandy. Mix well, then add about two quarts of boiling water. Set the mixture aside to cool. When it is cold, add a pint of sherry. Strain, if desired, and serve well iced.
BOMBAY PUNCH (Serves 12-14)	Brandy[4] Sherry[3] Maraschino[9] Orange Curacao[10] Champagne[11] Carbonated Water	Take punch bowl, with large chunk of clear ice. Mix pint of brandy with pint of sherry, 3 oz. of maraschino liqueur, 3 oz. of orange curacao, 2 qts. of champagne and one quart of carbonated water. Garnish well with slices of orange, pineapple, cherry, round of lime and other fresh fruits. Add champagne last, just before serving and serve in wine glass.
HOT RUM PUNCH (Serves 16)	Lemons Ginger Rum[6] Brandy[4] Sherry[3] Simple Syrup	Grate the rind of 3 lemons into a large bowl. Add ¼ lb. granulated sugar. With muddler, macerate sugar and lemon grating. Then add the juice of the three lemons and 1 teaspoon of ground ginger. Mix well and transfer to another bowl that has been previously heated. Then, in the order named, add 1 pt. of rum, 1 pt. brandy, ½ pt. sherry and 1 qt. boiling water. Mix well, sweeten to taste with simple syrup and stand bowl near heat for 20 minutes. Serve in punch glasses with grated nutmeg spread over punch.
BUDA PUNCH (Serves 10)	Champagne[11] Rhine Wine[26] Orange Juice Lemon Juice Orange Curacao[10] Rum[6] Carbonated Water Bitters[1]	Take large punch bowl with large block of hard frozen ice. Mix quart of Rhine wine, 6 oz. of orange juice, 6 oz. of lemon juice, 3 oz. of orange curacao, 3 oz. of rum and one quart of carbonated water. Mix well and garnish with mint leaves, and add slices of fresh fruit such as orange, lemon, pineapple, etc. Just before serving, add quart of champagne and bitters to suit taste. Serve in wine glass.
BURGUNDY PUNCH (Serves 14)	Burgundy[12] Port[13] Cherry Brandy[14] Lemons Oranges Granulated Sugar Carbonated Water	Take large punch bowl, surround with fine crushed ice. Place large chunk of clear ice in bowl. Then, mix two quarts of Burgundy with one pint of Port. Add ½ pt. cherry brandy, then the juice of three lemons and the juice of six oranges. Add ¼ lb. granulated sugar and two quarts of carbonated water. Mix well and decorate with fruits in season.
MISTLETOE NOG (Serves 14)	Eggs Granulated Sugar Brandy[4] Jamaica Rum[15] Cream (heavy)	Separate the yolks from the whites of a dozen fresh eggs. Add 2½ cups of granulated sugar as the egg yolks are beaten vigorously. After the sugar is added, alternate with shots of brandy and Jamaica rum until a quart of brandy and a pint of rum have been added. Then, beat the dozen egg whites in a separate dish and hold ready to add. Add ¾ gallon of heavy cream to the original mixture. Now, take the beaten whites of six eggs and add them. Whip the whites of the other six until stiff, then add a quart of heavy cream and a cup of powdered sugar. Then, mix the original mixture with this secondary mixture and let stand for twelve hours. Grate nutmeg over the result, and serve with a spoon.

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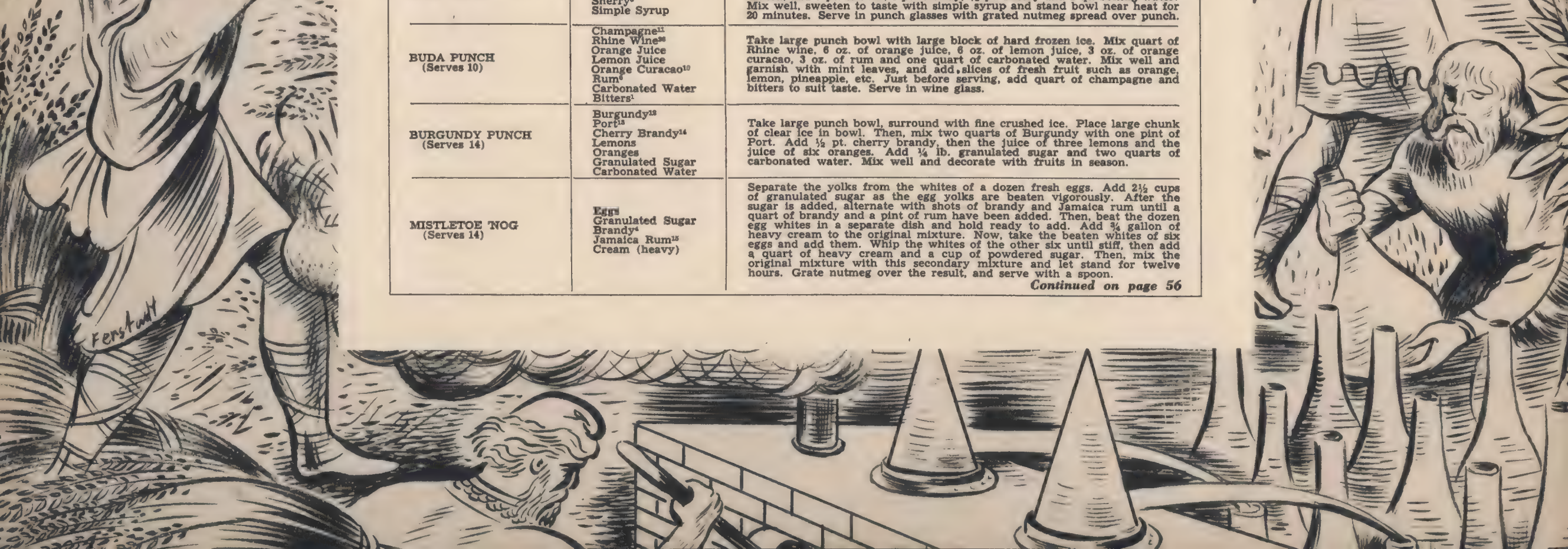


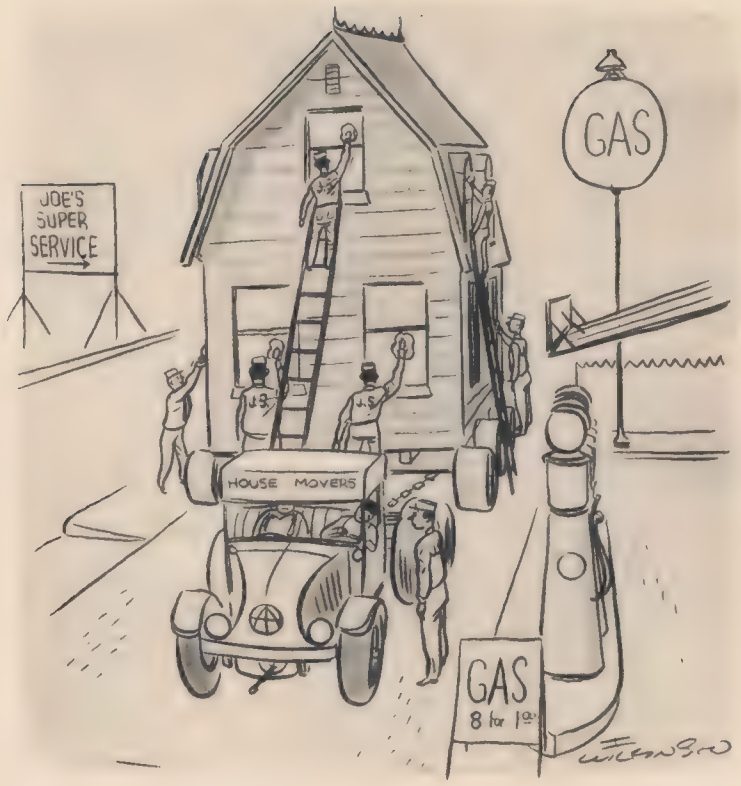
"... pardon me, I believe I saw her first."

"Good news, girls—I've booked you for 17 solid weeks at Sultan el Raschid's harem!"

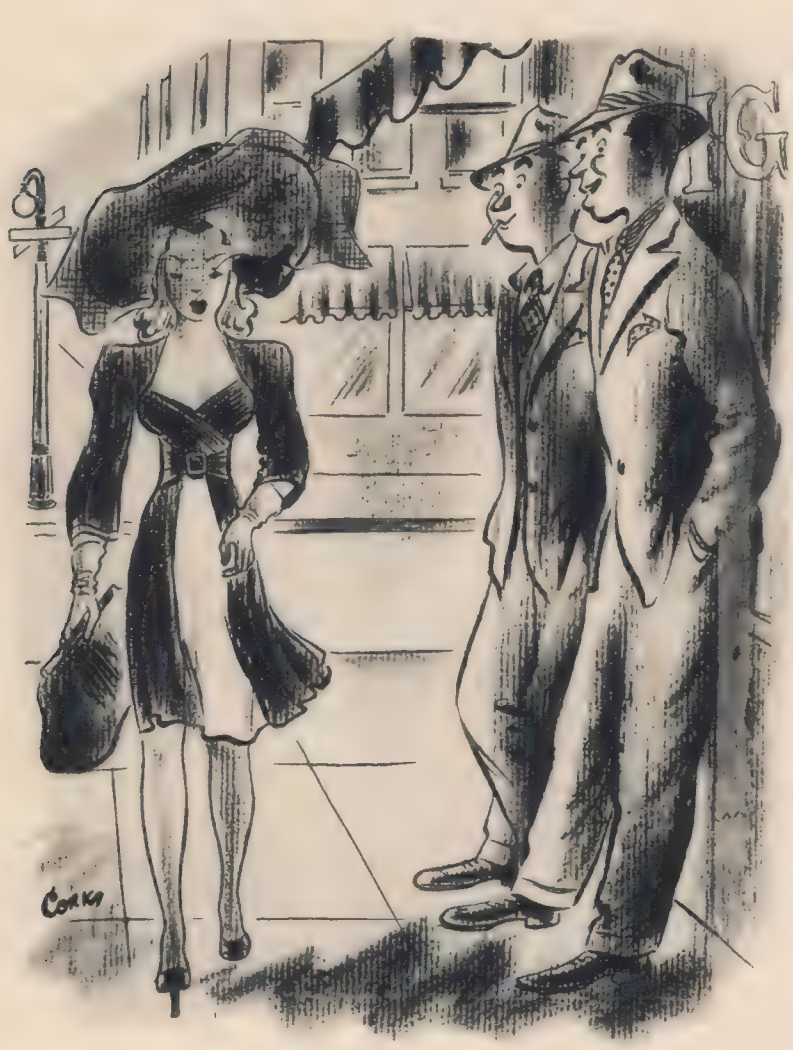
"And you said your father was kiddin' when he threatened to cut you off without a cent."

"Couldn't we just forget the whole thing?"

"If there ain't a diamond ring in that bag you can get right out of here."



"Would you mind checking the oil burner?"



'Don't you think the décolletage is a little too daring to be really chic?"

"If this doesn't work, dear, I'll call a welder in the morning."

PORTRAITS

ARTHUR MURRAY

Are you a wallflower?

By KEITH BOWMAN

DO girls laugh behind your back? Are you uncomfortable with members of the opposite sex? Are you a stag line Judas? Do the other boys get the fairest girls? Are you the most abhorrent of social outcasts, a wallflower?

It's not Lifebuoy or Listerine or Wheaties, or even Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you need. Your entry to Valhalla is dancing. Shangri-la can be reached by simply walking up to the one of your dreams, who thus far has spurned your every effort, and asking, with just the proper amount of casualness. "Dance?" And then watch the sneers and the grins of the Dance-hall sharpies turn to gasps of admiration as you break into the latest buck-and-wing or one-two of the Turkey-Trot.

Social dancing was reserved for only a select few until a gawky young lad discovered that if you get your right foot out from under your left foot and vice-versa with a certain amount of rhythm, you wouldn't fall. This lad also, and with mathematical precision, measured the dollar value of the accumulated envy of the stag-line loafers and decided that here was the oldest of economic laws, supply and demand. And he had heard of the U. S. Mail, and Advertising in a vague sort of way, so he went into business.

This lad originally wanted to be an architect and two years of his early youth were spent as an apprentice in that profession. Now, some thirty years later, Arthur Murray sits at his desk in his midtown Manhattan dance studios and guides the affairs of the largest dance instruction business in the world. He states in a quiet voice: "I think I've done more as a dancing teacher than I could have ever done as an architect—even if I'd designed Radio City or the Empire State Building—for by doing so much to make the dance a vital factor in our social existence, I've brought happiness to millions." He mentions nothing of comparative incomes with leading architects.

Which is the dancing master's way of saying that he thinks he's done a lot to lift social dancing from the gutter. There was a time not too long ago when many good folk considered dancing as just a lot of evil stuff that went on, accompanied by jazz music. Jazz and the fox-trot—a combination making for depravity, indulged in by loose people.

And as for dancing schools with private instruction rooms! Oh the stuff that went on! Such places weren't even discussed in mixed company!

Strangely, this prejudice against public dance teachers worked in Arthur Murray's favor. Those people out in the provincial towns who had no desire, or did not dare to be seen sneaking into the side entrance of Mamie's dance instruction joint on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, at the other end of town, up one flight above the speakeasy, knock four times and say that Joe the cabbie sent you, and please could you have a look at all the teachers before your lesson—could learn to dance in their own living-rooms, alone with Arthur Murray's diagrams.

The narrow prejudices against social dancing have long since dwindled and, undoubtedly, Arthur Murray has been a factor. The tallish, baldish dancing teacher with the vaguely sad face showing a trace of shrewdness, has, in twenty-seven years of teaching, been responsible for the terpsichorean education of a few dozen short of 1,000,000 citizens. And in addition to grossing ten million dollars he's learned a thing or two about human nature and psychology.

There's no mistaking the clever psychology behind the How I Became Popular Overnight advertising layouts that appeared so persistently in a wide range of magazines. To the clumsy, unpopular guy out in the Corn Belt, here was deliverance—for a fee. You just clipped the coupon from the pulp paper magazine, enclosed it with money order, and in the best Sears and Roebuck fashion, a few days later the rural free delivery mailman dropped you off a little booklet filled with diagrams. The rest was up to you.

Had many a righteous Bible Belt mama, so prejudiced against dancing and dance instruction, investigated the noises going on in her awkward son's bedroom at night, she'd have seen Junior gliding clumsily about his room, arms outstretched holding an imaginary dancing partner, pausing at times to look at the diagrams to see which way the left foot went after the quick step to the side.

And later, when his actual dance studios went into business, Art Murray was not unaware of the appeal of the dime-a-dance joints. He knew that men will always lay it on the line to spend a few hours holding an attractive girl in what amounts to social intimacy. He knew, too, that the men who would pay the fees of his New York studio were not the same men who could, with a clear conscience, walk into the Roseland or the Diana and ask for instruction with their tickets. These men might *like* to frequent the dance palaces, and given the proper edge by a lodge meeting and a couple of drinks, and convivial company, they do, with, of course, the proper apologies to themselves, frequent the dime-a-dance halls.

Murray's problem was to bring the dance hall appeal to the proper customers, so that the men who could afford his rates would enter his portals not only unafraid, but even with the blessings of the victim's own wife. "Learn to dance" is appealing enough to get the trade of the people who are honestly social outcasts. But the advertising appeal created by glamourized heads and beautifully retouched full figure photographs of Arthur Murray instructresses with whom you may take private lessons, is stronger than just the desire to learn to dance.

Sex, ever so faintly, raises its ugly little head. Of course every advertiser in the business uses girls to sell every product from Simonize to motor boats, but Arthur Murray is the only one who tosses in the girl in the ad with every package purchased.

Art Murray knew what he was writing about when he wrote the ads slanted for wall flower consumption, for the master knows a thing about being a clumsy awkward wall flower. In public school, Murray was so much taller than any of the other kids that he looked like a bean pole in an asparagus patch and the New York east side boys weren't too kind in their criticism. He became shy, bashful, and the girls shunned him.

But finally a kindly young lady took a motherly interest in that tall Murray boy and taught him a few steps. He was so eager that he almost knocked himself out, and one fine night after a few lessons with the young lady, he summoned every ounce of courage in his gangly frame and entered a dance contest. He and his partner won the prize! He came away with far more than a great jug of a loving cup—he'd regained some of his natural poise, and to further combat his bashfulness, brazenly applied for a job as instructor at a public dance hall—and got it.

But even now, there's still a shyness about the somewhat gangly Mr. Murray. You'd expect a man who's been in the dancing business most of his life to be a little more colorful—but Arthur hardly looks the part of a dance instructor. He could be mistaken for a prosperous broker, a chain store executive, big coat and suit man, dentist, or any number of other men who mumble along from day to day without ever denting society.

Murray was caught up in the tidal wave of the dance craze started by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle and after instructing in the dance hall a short while, took a course at the Castle School and stayed on as instructor there. But

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"I'll be home late tonight, dear . . . I'm doing my bit for the U. S. O."

SLOPPY WEATHER

Perhaps it was a bit reckless to stop and talk in the rain, but it seems that there was a little bragging to be done. The first gentleman has just described to his friend the pleasure of wearing a flyweight U. S. RUBBER raincoat, 100% waterproof, in the smart single-breasted raglan model. It can be rolled up into a minute package, $8.75 . . . The second gentleman takes the chance of getting thoroughly soaked to boast about the numerous features of his "Three-Way" coat by JOSEPH D. SHAKOW, Inc. Out comes the lining—you have a topcoat. In goes the lining—you have an overcoat. And always you have showercoat, about $40. . . . Both men have the Suburban U. S. Rubber boot in common, one wearing it over his trousers, the other inside. The umbrella is a black gloria with carved handle by the NEW YORK UMBRELLA CO. $3. The first man wears an Australian deerskin SUPERB GLOVE with double baseball thread, hand stitched, $5.

For answer to all queries, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Swank Magazine, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

He dropped $120,000 in one bet, with a total loss of exactly 20 bucks in cold cash.

ARE you a "wagering Willie?"

Do you reach for your bank roll at the slightest provocation to back your "What'll ya bet?"

If so, you're probably the same youngster who was willing to bet that you wouldn't get the mumps, the measles, or a licking when you slipped out of your winter underwear before spring had turned the well-rounded corner.

But although you've grown up, your motto still remains "anything for a bet." You still think you are a small model of Lloyds of London who insure anything and everything except the hereafter. Of course, they're only betting their judgment against yours.

One of these "wagering Willies" was Isidore "Kid" Bieber of Salem. He'd bet on anything and everything he thought he had even the slightest chance of winning.

The "Kid" bet a mere $75,000 that Woodrow Wilson would be elected President of the United States in 1916 and for five days he and his friends—and the stakeholder—waited for the final result that would decide the bet.

Conflicting newspaper reports added to the confusion. One edition storied the fact that Hughes was leading while the very next edition "revealed" that Wilson had regained his lead.

It went on like that for five days before the final tabulation revealed Wilson as the president-elect.

Bieber would bet on anything. Sports—especially horse racing—magneted most of his attention, however.

Friends never grew tired of telling how he walked up to the rail at Empire City track in New York; saw the fine step of Turkey's Neck as the horses paraded to the post; dug deep down into his pocket for a $20 bill and planked it "right on the nose."

Turkey's Neck won in a walk and Bieber pocketed $100 on his 4-1 odds.

Dolan, an old favorite of the Kid's, was running in the second race and the $100 backed his choice. Dolan accommodatingly pranced under the wire first.

Delhi, a 20-1 shot looked good in the third and the entire amount went on his nose. Delhi won and the panic was on. War Mask came down in front like a true favorite in the fourth and by the time the last race came around the Kid had a mere $60,000 in his pocket.

He looked over the horses for the last race despite the pleas of his friends to "lay off." He liked a horse named Red Cliff—an even money favorite. And Red Cliff won.

When the dust settled over the track and tired "clean-up" men had started their daily task, Bieber was walking from the track with $120,000.

That night the Dempsey-Sharkey fight was programmed and the Kid was in his usual ring-side seat. A syndicate was making plenty of noise about $315,000 they had that Dempsey would win.

Bieber asked for odds. He got them. He bet his entire $120,000 against the Dempsey-liking syndicate's $315,000.

In the fourth round Sharkey was punching Dempsey all over the ring. Members of the syndicate were frantic.

Several of Bieber's friends wanted to buy "part" of the bet and he could have sold out right then and there. But he held tight and let the entire bid ride.

Dempsey rallied. Punches flew all over the ring. Sharkey went down. Dempsey's hand went up. The lights went on and the crowd began filing out.

The Kid sat in his seat, looking over the entries for the following day's races. His brother tried to console him.

"What?" the Kid fairly shrieked, "so what. It was a good fight wasn't it—and after all—all I lost was $20. That's what I started out with at Empire City track this morning, wasn't it?"

Bieber was a typical "wagerin' Willie" and there have been others. Most of them enter fantastic contests.

There was, for example, the much publicized "Canadian Baby Derby" of which the Dionnes were not participants.

There have been marathons, walk-a-thons, roller-skating derbies, golf-a-thons and on-and ons.

The Paris World's Fair made an effort to find the most "durable pedestrian" in all Europe. They posted a $2,000 prize for the man who could push his wife and child in a baby buggy the longest distance in a two year span of time. The winner covered 15,000 miles to win his award.

He was the only survivor two months before the time limit expired. Of course he was feted at the Exposition and the Fair folks didn't lose as a result of the publicity they secured.

In 1926, Joe Masters, a pro at the Municipal Golf course in Columbus, Ohio, playfully bet that he could golf his way from the Capital City to Buckeye Lake, a summer resort about 40 miles away.

His challenge was met, and teamed up with Bert Bernett, now bowling editor of the Ohio State Journal, the pair teed off.

The original bet had grown considerably especially when other divot-diggers found that the wager stipulated that they negotiate the distance in less than twenty-four hours.

Down the national highway the pair went, striking ball after ball as fast as they could reach them. Sixteen hours and thirty minutes later they finished their "round" in the glare of automobile headlights.

Tom Morris, the Pennseshaw, South Australian athlete, was considered outstanding in the realm of sports. One of his achievements was skipping a rope 18,463 turns without a break. That was in 1933. His time was one hour and 41 minutes.

"Why, 'tis nothing at all, at all," one of the Antipodes spectators mouthed. "Anybody can skip for a long time in a single spot. Now my idea of a good skip would be to travel a bit."

Morris heard the remark. He reached into his pocket. "This says I can skip from Melbourne to Sydney in less than thirty days—and that's only 600 miles of skipping."

Bets sprang up everywhere. Morris covered them all. Then he set out on his playful journey. Two days ahead of schedule he reached Sydney after about 470,000 skips, averaging 800 turns to the mile.

Election bets are the freakiest of all.

It isn't a rare sight any more to see an overstuffed chair adorner red-facedly pushing a peanut along the gutter with his nose; hauling a friend or two in a wheelbarrow; or passing out glasses of water at a main intersection downtown.

One midwestern banker had to sit in a show window of a downtown department store for two days clad only in his winter undies.

In desperation he feigned sleep, assumed dummy-like poses, and tried everything possible to attract as little attention as possible. But the winner of the wager—who was also the owner of the department store—capitalized on the publicity and announced it over the radio and in newspaper advertising.

Police had to clear up the sidewalks.

Football games, world series, the weather, and many other events on which there is an element of lady luck frowning on either one, are eagerly followed by the "wagerin' Willies."

Swimmers too, have had their moments before the wagering spotlight. Way back as far as 1882, the records show, a humorous Englishman decided to gather himself a few pounds.

Accidentally—on purpose—he slipped and fell into the famous Blackpool, fully clothed.

A crowd quickly gathered. Ejaculations of surprise at his "narrow escape" from

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"Pa, what's sex mad?"

"Don't give me that 'Never darken my door again' stuff, pa, somebody gave me a doll."

"Sorry, we can't promote you just now, Collins, but you'll be paying so much in taxes you'll think you're an executive."

"I suppose you'd call him a pointer."

"Your slip of the tongue is showing, dearie!"

Run AND GET IT!

GIFTS FOR HIM

1. Imported Australian woolen scarf. $2.50. Wallach's.
2. Woolen sweater. $8.95. Jantzen.
3. Imported Scotch woolen argyle socks. $5.00. Wallach's.
4. Two-tone leather slippers. $4.50. Nunn-Bush.
5. Leather, oil-silk lined utility case. $5.00. Wallach's.
6. All-wool string gloves faced with pigskin. $3.50. Wallach's.
7. Woolen country hat. $3.50. John David.
8. Woolen bathrobe with plaid shawl lapels. $7.95. John David.
9. Dueling pistol cigarette lighter. $5.00. Dunhill.
10. Heavy flannel sport shirt. $5.95. Manhattan.
11. Pigskin slippers and case. $5.00. Nunn-Bush.
12. Army utility kit. $2.00. Buddy Kit.
13. Buttoned coat sweater. $5.00. New York Knitting Mills, John David.
14. Waterproof rainhat. $2.50. John David.
15. Woolen pattern ties. $1.00. Superba ties.
16. Electric dry shaver with pigskin case. $12.50. Schick.

GIFTS FOR HER

1. Alpaca slippers. $5.65. Good Neighbor Imports.
2. Virginia Rounds Xmas gift box. $2.00. Benson & Hedges.
3. Xmas wrapped 2-lb. box of chocolates. $3.00. Whitman's.
4. Loch Lomond "Hidden Locket" pins in Scotch thistle design. $5.00. Karu Jewelry.
5. Two strand Iridelle pearls, $5.00; Iridelle pin, $4.00. Richelieu Products.
6. Scented handkerchief case, $1.00; Embroidered, flowered, dotted hankies, 35c-65c. International Handkerchief.
7. Sea lion leather cigarette box with Peruvian coat-of-arms designs. $10.50. Good Neighbor Imports.
8. Long torso cardigan, all wool, cable stitching design. $5.00. Helen Harper.

1. Zip-A-Robe: fringed wool auto blanket and suede zipper case. $6.95. Lewis & Conger.
2. Stirrup-framed liquor decanter set. $12.50. Bar Mart.
3. Aquamatic watch, self-winding, waterproof. $37.50, plus tax. Croton Watches.
4. Fille silk rigid framed opera hat. $12.50. By M. Fleugelman, Inc.
5. Evening stick. $8.00. G. A. Bernheimer Co.
6. Aphrodisia Cologne for men, 8 oz. $5.00. Fabarge.
7. Toiletry set. $7.00. Gourielli.
8. All-wool bed and lounge jacket. $35.50. A. Sulka & Co.
9. Noah all-purpose bag of natural boarded hide. $22.50. Mark Cross.
10. Sperti camera-size sun-lamp, high power ultra-violet and infra-red rays. $27.50. Lewis & Conger.

1. Mais Oui Gift-Box. $5.75. Bourjois.
2. "Ferris Wheel" with five perfume flacons. $10.00. Coty.
3. Jewelite Dresser set. $25.00. Prophylactic Brush Co.
4. Horse chestnut crocodile handbag. $20.00. Mark Cross.
5. Portmanteau carry-all for cocktails and evening. $12.50. Volupte.
6. Silver enamel cloisonné lapel watch, 7 jewels. $19.95, plus tax. Croton Watches.
7. Satin gown, $9.95; silk tailored gown, $9.95. Yolande Lingerie.

RADIO

ACCORDING TO ROYLE

By SELENA ROYLE

You may think the soap operas are just so much tripe, but, brother, they are the very lifeblood of Radio—

LISTENING to The March of Time, I wondered if it held all of its old charm. Are we getting blasé; have we heard too many of the real people of our times spouting and shouting, to be taken in by the imitation? Somehow, the New Edition seemed to be a phony instead of the real McCoy.

* * *

What is going to happen to our critical facilities if we are forced to sit in a radio studio and, because the tickets are free, applaud distinctly inferior material? I heard a program which sported two legit stars who gave performances which made my blood run cold (and they *were not* doing a murder mystery) and the good old audience applauded like mad.

* * *

I've got a New Year's resolution for you men. It shouldn't be too hard to keep, but I bet you never thought of it. How's about, from this January first to next January first, not saying to the good wife, "Don't tell me *you* listen to those daytime serials." At least, how's about your not saying that until you have read some of the facts and fiction I am going to put before you. From the business angle to start with. Day time radio is the bread and butter of the industry. Radio probably couldn't afford to exist without the "soap shows." It certainly couldn't give you the N.B.C. Symphony with Toscanini, or the Sunday Musical Hour with Howard Barlow, nor could the sponsors afford to give you the "prestige programs"—those which don't sell and advertise in proportion to their cost. Not to mention the fact that the estimable actors you hear supporting the stars, whose names you seldom hear, couldn't make a living without the daytime show. Don't forget, too, that this costs you nothing except a little extra on the light bill.

On the other hand, have you, who criticize your wife for listening, ever spent six days a week home doing the housework? If you've spent six days home, it's usually because you're sick. And more men have become converts to daytime radio from a sick bed than care to admit it.

You know something? There is much less gossiping over the back fence since radio. You just really can't get going well in the gossip line if, in the midst of a good spicy story, you have to break it short because Mrs. Jones wants to hear The Goldbergs, or Mrs. Brown just never misses Valiant Lady. And, speaking of not missing, there's a record which can be hung up on that. There is a lady who has listened to The Story of Mary Marlin for seven years. And in those years has missed only 16 episodes. And the way I do arithmetic it goes like this: 52 weeks by 5 times a week comes to 260. By 7 years is 1,820—minus sixteen—1,804. Some listening! More figures: there are, at the last count, forty million women over eighteen in these United States and, of those forty million, twenty-two are radio listeners. Now, as you probably won't admit that your women folk do any listening, who are those twenty-two million?

Did you know that a strict watch is kept on the morality of the programs your wives—no, not yours—but the other fellows' wives listen to? Before it reaches the air waves it is edited by four different people. Have you noticed that virtue is always triumphant? Maybe it's because—until recently—the women on the serials were the ones who did things, who were brave and courageous and bright, and the men were weak, that you didn't like it. But cheer up. A new daytime serial has started which has a *man* for the central character—strong and courageous. Don't give up hope!

The soap opera may not be art, but it won't do you any harm to listen to it. By the way, it never made a pretense of being art. It's out and out advertising. But it's clean advertising, it's truthful advertising and, you might say, it is on the level of the advertising in the better magazines. In a way, it's taken the place of old time vaudeville.

I know that when you come home from the office, you like to have a nice straight house, a good hot steaming dinner. You don't like to be bothered with details of what went wrong with the Monday's wash, or how you would have had cake if the cake hadn't burned. Did you ever stop to consider that in the old days many things went wrong or were left undone while the lady of the house sneaked a much needed bit of relaxation by reading one of the new paper-backed novels and nibbled her way through a box of candy? Well, daytime radio doesn't interfere with the work. It goes on just the same—right straight through the life-story of Mary Marlin, and no matter what is happening to the Pepper Youngs.

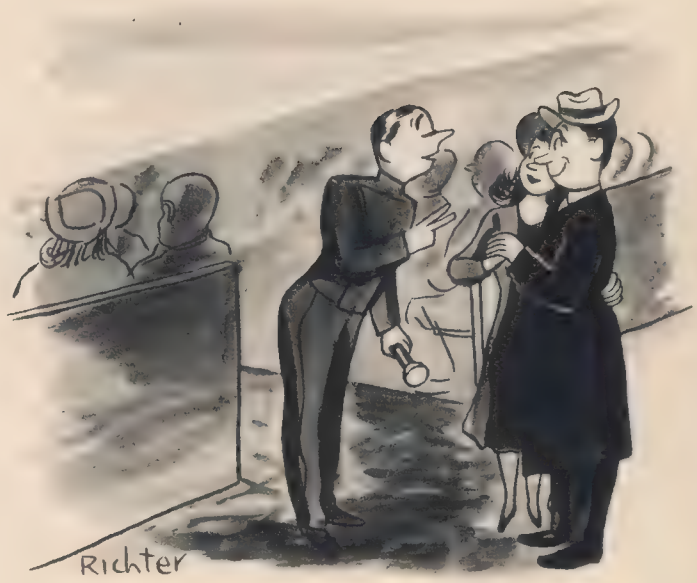
You know, here's another angle: perhaps your wife feels the need of a little excitement, a little romance in her life. Perhaps she gets it vicariously from the daytime stories. Perhaps she has an inferiority complex, just a little one, let's suppose, and the courage and heroism of the women on the air helps to alleviate those pangs. Of course I wouldn't say that *you* could do anything about all these problems. Women are silly things at best and apt to get moods like that, but . . .

So, how's about it men? Are you game for the New Year's Resolution? I'll bet you are and maybe you are the man who likes daytime serials. If you are, just pretend you haven't read all this . . . and anyway . . . A very Happy New Year to you all.

"I don't care who you are—50c toll!"

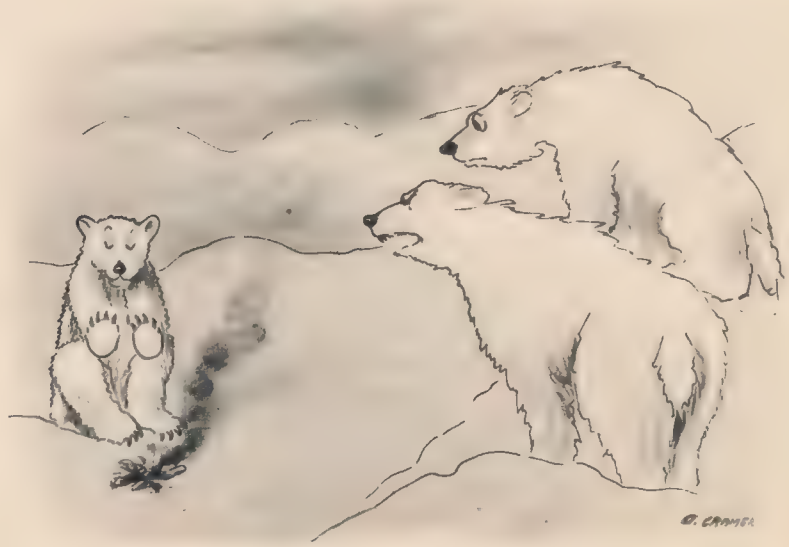
"I'm disappointed in biology. All we do is cut up frogs."

"Chilly today, isn't it?"



"Together?"

"This gives you a rough idea of our product, Madam."



"Good Heavens, man, think of our reputation!"

THE SPORT'S ON ME

By CHESTER B. HIMES

FICTION

Hoppin' John had four bits and a woman, but he owned the world

"LIL old Chubby!" Hoppin' John said, pumping my hand. "Lil old Chubby!" Slapping my back. "Jesus knows! I'm glad to see you, chum! Jesus knows! Jes lak a letter from home!"

"Now turn it on the other side," I grinned.

"Chum, come on!" he said. "Come on, chum! The sport's on me."

He was a tall, brown fellow dressed in a yellow polo shirt and tan slacks. He carried his wide shoulders in a high, slightly one-sided hunch, and he had a wide, white grin, and a ragged ear where a woman had bit a piece out of it. He looked to be thirty, but he might have been fifty. And he was drunk. I couldn't tell how drunk because I didn't know what he had been drinking. The last time I had seen him had been in stir.

"Well, all right then!" I said. "I ain't got nowhere to go."

"Taxi!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "Taxi!"

There were four taxis parked at the curb behind us. I knew then that he had been smoking reefers.

"Right here, chum," the black driver grinned without moving to open the door.

We climbed in and rode down to West 125th. "Give you fifteen cents and owe you a dime," he told the driver.

"You oughta be giving me a dollar tip," the driver grinned. "You got everything."

"I'll buy this lil old taxi," Hoppin' John said and paid him the quarter.

We went through the side doorway and up some stairs into a second floor apartment. "Man cut the lights off," he explained, striking a match to light a kerosene lamp. We were in the kitchen.

"This is my private pad, Chubby," he said. "My personal dommercile. Ricky, ain't she, chum? Fine, ain't she? I keep it thatta way. My personal, private establishment."

"It's all right," I said. "Fine."

We went through a hallway with some rooms off to the right and came out in a two by four living room, looking down on Lenox. He grinned. "How'ma doin', chum? How'ma doin'?"

"Doin' all right," I said.

We went into a bedroom. "Wanna clean up, Chubby?" he asked. "Gotta bathroom, chum. Third door down. Want some soap? Wanna towel? Got ev'rything, chum. Use some of that perfume there." He pointed to a ten cent bottle of perfume. "Sho smells good." He picked up the bottle and poured some inside his shirt. "Chum, it's a sender." He waved the bottle toward me. I drew back. "Come on, chum, don't be bashful. Use some of that there talcum. Wanna cigarette? Come on, chum, jes make yourself to home. All b'longs to me."

"I think I'll wash my hands a little," I said, feeling my way down toward the bathroom.

"Use some hot water," he called. "Chum, have hot water ev'y day. Jes like the Waldoff."

I felt around in the dark and bumped into the tub; then gave up.

"Have enough hot water?" he asked when I had returned to the room. "Get yo'self washed? Take a bath if you want to, chum. Ev'ything b'longs to me."

"I'll bathe next time," I said.

"Whenever you want to, Chubby," he said. "Whenever you want to you jes come up here and take a bath. Got hot water all the time."

He went over to the mirror and looked at himself. "Now ought I to wear this suit or ought I to change and put on my green?"

"You look all right," I said.

"That green's a sender, chum. You oughta see that green."

I thought he would show it to me but he didn't.

"Ought I to change this hat or wear my cap?" he asked. "Chum, I got too many clothes. I'm doin' all right. Ain't tellin' no lie. Got 'leven suits."

I looked around but I didn't see any of them. I didn't see any place where he could be keeping them. But I didn't ask. I remembered he had cut a man's throat from ear to ear.

"You look ricky, man," I said. "Dressed up."

He grinned. "I stay sharp. Buy a new suit every week. Can't count all my hats." He opened a dresser drawer and took out a hat. "Here's a white one I wear on special 'cayshuns. Here's some caps, too. Look at this one, chum—a Detroit special." He held up a green cap that looked like an umbrella. "A sender, ain't it? Buy somethin' new ev'y day. Sent Black Boy some socks last week—two pairs of socks. Let them chums down at Auburn know I'm doin' all right."

"You layin' it," I said.

"Told them chums I wasn' no bum," he said. "Din' I tell 'em, Chubby?"

"You told 'em," I said.

"Got women evywhere givin' me their money," he said. "Chum, *ev'where!* Rich women. Yessir. Won nine hundred dollars first day I was out. Won twenty-seven hundred first week. Ain't looked back. Turn a chump off ev'y fo' cards. Money on the table knee deep. Hundred dollar bills get stuck to yo' hand. Georgia Skin, chum, that's the game. Chum stuck his hand in my deck and I charged him nine hundred dollars."

It was bad enough when he started calling that joint the Waldorf, but when he started seeing hundred dollar bills I knew he was way up that vine. "Gimme a drink and lemme catch up with you," I said.

"Jes drank the last of that whiskey 'fo I went out," he said, holding up an empty bottle. "Chum, you oughta been here yesdiday. Had fo' quarts of licker with the brand on it, chum. Sealed by Uncle Sam. Fo' quarts right outen the store. Nothin' but store licker for me.

"Want somethin' to eat?" he asked. "Got plenty scoff. Come on and get something to eat. Keep jes too much scoff around. You oughta seen my icebox last week. Had two chickens, chum, fo' pounds of poke chops . . . Come on, chum, lemme get you some scoff."

"Just may as well," I said.

We went back to the kitchen. "Want some greens?" There was a pot of greens on the stove cooked with side meat. I shook my head. "Want some pie? Got a whole cherry pie. Here, eat some of this pie, chum." He cut a slice and put it on a saucer. "Keep jes too much scoff," he said, leaning back and patting his belly.

The kitchen looked bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard to me, but I didn't argue with him.

When I had forced down the pie, he asked, "Want some mo?"

"I pass," I said.

We went back to the front room and he leaned out the window and yelled to some one down on the street, "Get out yo' money, chum, I'm comin' down and break you."

"Come on, chum," a fellow called back. "My tea jes as strong as yo's."

He turned to me and said: "Break a chum ev'y day."

"Where we gonna go?" I asked.

"Where you wanna go, chum? Go anywhere you say. I go somewhere ev'y day. Go to the Yankee Stadium ev'y afternoon. Go to Small's ev'y Satd'y night. Ride taxi cabs all over town. Been down to Bridgeport. Been over to Jersey. Went clear to Boston to see Joe Louis fight. See me 'round Jimmy's most any time. See me at the Fat Man, performin', man, *performin'!* See me all over Harlum. Havin' my fun!

"Where you wanna go, chum? Jes say the word. Wanna go to Brooklyn? Naw! Wanna go to Small's? Wanna go to the Cotton Club? Wanna go uptown? Wanna go to Boston? Anywhere you say, chum. The sport's on me!"

From nine o'clock until eleven . . .

We went down on the street again. Down on Lenox. A drunk in overalls staggered by. "What time is it, chum?" Hoppin' John asked. "Doan know." "You oughta know, nigger, you out here on the street."

We went up an alley and turned into a back door joint. The joint was full of bad looking hucks, cursing and arguing and skinning on the side of a bed. "Thow down, nigger, thow down . . . Let yo' money git dare fo' yo' mouth . . ."

"Doan worry 'bout a thing, Chubby," Hoppin' John said. "You with me."

"Got any store licker?" he asked. "Got any Cuddy Sack?"

They stopped skinning and looked at him. "Whassamatter wid dat nigger?" somebody asked . . . "Cuddy Sack? What kinda sack is dat, nigger?" . . . "Knock dat nigger's teeth out! When de las time you seed sto' licker, nigger?" . . . "Cuddle Sack! Set up dat dere bottle of cuddle sack!"

Some one brought out a gallon jug of white lightning. I could see the lamp light through it.

"Wanna drink, Chubby?" Hoppin' John asked.

"I pass," I said.

We went back to the street.

"Hey, chum, money 'gainst money!" Hoppin' John said. "Put yo' hundred up 'gainst mine."

The little fat black man in the big 1936 Lincoln roadster said, "Go 'way, nigger, go 'way! I is thinkin'."

"Come on, Chubby, get in," Hoppin' John said, opening the door. "Doan pay no 'tention to that chum." He climbed in and I climbed in behind him. "Shoffer us up to 15th, flunkey," he said. "Give you fifteen cents."

"Gonna give me more'n fifteen cents," the little fat man said, "if I'm gonna bring you back."

"Give you fifteen cents both ways."

The little fat man shifted into gear. Hoppin' John stopped him at 121st Street. "Come on, Chubby, wanna show you Rachael. My first woman. Mighty good woman. Stuck with me when I went to the 'formatory. Stuck with me both times I went to the pen. She got money, too, chum."

We climbed some dark stairs and knocked at a back door. The door opened.

" 'Lo, mama," Hoppin' John said.

" 'Lo, young poppa," a voice came from the darkness. The door opened wider. "Come on in. Doan mind de darkness, de bulb's gone out."

We stumbled through the dark room into a bedroom beyond. It was the size of a closet. There was a bed on one side, a pair of shoes on the floor, and a picture of Joe Louis on the wall. A red globe hanging from the ceiling showed a hag with a few snaggled teeth in front and a bandana wrapped around her head to keep her hair pressed down.

"Love yo' mama, poppa?" she asked, standing with her hand on her chin and trying to look coy. She had wrinkles in her face as deep as the Grand Canyon and bluish yellow eyes. She looked fifty and hard-used.

Hoppin' John bent over and pecked her on the forehead, patted her on the back. "Sho do," he said.

She put her finger on top of her head and rolled her dried-up belly. "Hoochie-coochie," she said. She shook her hips. "You din take me to the show yesdiday lak you promised, young poppa."

Hoppin' John dropped his head. "Take you tomorrow, mama."

She gave a coy, toothless grin. "Six o'clock?"

"Six o'clock."

We tiptoed back through the dark room down the stairs, out into the street again.

"Best woman I ever had," Hoppin' John said. "Makes fifteen dollars ev'y week. Take it quick as she gets it. Jes lak pickin' it off'n the street."

"Ain't worth it," I said.

We climbed back into the Lincoln and drove down to 115th. Hoppin' John got out. "Wait here, chum," he said and went around the corner.

"Havin' it tough," the little fat black man said to me. "Think I'll get outa this town. Think I'll go to Buffalo. Maybe Philadelphia. Must can find me a mud-kicker somewhere. Ain't none here. Lawd, must can somewhere."

"On behalf of the help, sir—I want to wish you a very Happy New Year."

Hoppin' John came back with a high yellow mama. She had red hair. Her face was flower white and her cheeks were purplish red. Her hands were brown and her arms were black. Dull eyes sat in a ring of mascara. Her dress fitted like paper on the wall.

"How you like her, Chubby?" Hoppin' John asked.

"Fine," I said.

She grinned, showing fourteen dollars' worth of gold teeth, and climbed into the big Lincoln car. The seat was crowded with the little fat guy and the big fat mama and me jammed in the middle. Hoppin' John tried to climb into her lap, and stepped on her corn.

"Git off'n my foot, nigger!" she screamed, trying to push him out. "You're drunk!"

He fought his way in. "Naw I ain't, honey."

They fought all the way back to 125th. They fought about who was going to pay the little fat man his thirty cents. They fought all the way upstairs. The first thing she said when she got into her room was, "Who the hell been usin' my perfume?"

Hoppin' John had business in the back. I wished I had stayed outside when I was out there.

"Why the hell din you take my shoes to the shop?" She had a mouth like a loudspeaker.

"Take 'em tomorrow, mama."

She went back to the kitchen. Hoppin' John came back to the front.

"Who been messin' in these greens?" she bawled. "Who been eatin' this pie?"

Back from the kitchen she stormed. "What you been doin' all day, nigger?"

"Who, me?"

"Yass you, dass who, you ain't no owl!"

From twelve o'clock until two . . .

"I'm goin' to bed, I'm tired uh arguin' wid you, nigger," she said.

"You go 'bed, honey," Hoppin' John said. "Me 'n Chubby's goin' out."

"Where you goin'?"

"Where is we goin'? Mos' anywhere." He turned to me. "Where you wanna go, Chubby? Wanna go to the Grove? Wanna go to the tavern? Wanna go to Chicago? Chum, if that boy, Skeets, was jes here with that Buick . . ."

We went downstairs and around the corner and down into the basement where some fellows were sitting around a table playing stud poker for pennies and dimes.

"Wait jes a minute, Chubby," he said. "Maybe I can pick up two or three C's here. When I get down watch the C notes jump out."

He bet a dime on one pot, fifteen cents on another. He lost six bits and began to sweat. "Come on, gamble, you rums," he said. "I'll betta rum harder than lightnin' bumps a stump." He bet a quarter. "Call or turn down, rum. I'll bet mo' money than Pittsburg Phil . . ."

From two o'clock until five . . .

He got even.

We went back to the street.

"Made them rums gamble, din I, Chubby? Make a rum gamble or get up. Chum, the money's down here on Lenox. Jes too much money. Made nine hundred dollars my first day out."

"Musta had some counterfeiting plates," I muttered.

"Taxi! Taxi!" he yelled. "*Taxi!* . . . Where you wanna go, Chubby? Jes say the word. Wanna go to the Famous Door? Wanna go to Twenty-one? Wanna go to Cafe Society? Jes say the word. The sport's on me!"

THE END

"I'm in a quandary, Lisbeth. . . . Shall I give up smoking, drinking, or you for 1942?"

"Never mind, he doesn't believe in it any more."

COOKERY

THE BACHELOR'S KITCHEN

THERE comes a time in every bachelor's life when he wends his weary way homeward and thinks nuts to eating out—I'll just pick up a coupla chops at the butcher's and a book at the corner drugstore. These are noble intentions and invariably produce satisfying results—unless, that is, he changes his mind at the bookstore and phones Mabel instead. But that, happily, is no concern of ours.

The chops are. "Chops" is a word we are using loosely to signify a meat which may be quickly prepared. Into this category falls lamb chops, veal cutlets, steak, pork chops, etc.

For the steak recipe, we approached one Elizabeth Flynn, who runs a couple of restaurants in Manhattan which specialize in filet mignons. And we do mean specialize . . . those filets are something to drool about. She suggests you first select a 10-oz. tenderloin of choice beef—a good thick cut—and place under the broiler. When one side is done, season and turn. Ten minutes' cooking altogether should do the trick. Place the filet on a slice of toast (trimmed), pour a teaspoon or so of melted butter over it, and go to work.

Here are some other recipes for meat dishes, all of which may be prepared in an hour or less:

VEAL RISOTTO

4 *thin veal cutlets from shoulder*
1 *onion, chopped*
2 *tablespoons butter*
½ *cup ground ham or sausage*
2 *cups rice*
1 *cup cooked tomatoes*
1 *cup chicken soup (canned variety will do)*
2 *tablespoons grated sharp cheese*
2 *tablespoons chopped parsley*

Brown the diced onion in the butter. Add the ham or sausage. Cook 5 minutes. Add well-washed rice, tomatoes, and soup. Simmer gently till the rice is cooked (about 20 minutes). Add the cheese. Beat well to form a creamy Risotto. Brown the seasoned veal cutlets. Add ¼ cup water; cover and cook 20 minutes. Serve on a hot platter, sprinkle with parsley, and pour over ½ cup thin gravy from the fry pan. Serve hot with the Risotto. (This recipe will serve 8).

LAMB CHOPS WITH ROQUEFORT SAUCE

Have rib or loin chops cut thick. Thoroughly pre-heat the broiling oven with the regulator set high. Place the chops on the broiler rack and adjust rack so that there is a distance of about 3 inches between top of chops and source of heat. If this distance must be less, reduce the temperature accordingly, so that the chops will not cook too quickly. When one side of chops is nicely browned, season, turn, and finish cooking. (Chops cut 1 inch thick require about 15 minutes for broiling). Spread with Roquefort Sauce.

ROQUEFORT SAUCE

2 *ounces Roquefort cheese*
2 *tablespoons cream*
Few drops Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper

Mash the Roquefort cheese with the cream and Worcestershire sauce and when the chops are almost done, spread them with the cheese sauce. Return to the broiling oven to melt the cheese.

PORK TENDERLOIN IN CREAM

1 *pork tenderloin*
Salt and pepper
2 *tablespoons lard*
1 *cup cream*
Flour
1 *teaspoon lemon juice*

Have pork tenderloin cut into pieces for serving. Season with salt and pepper and brown in hot lard. Add cream and cook very slowly for about forty minutes or until meat is done. Remove tenderloin to a hot platter, thicken the liquid with flour and bring to the boiling point. Remove from the heat, add lemon juice, and pour over the meat. Serve immediately.

VEAL CHOPS IN SOUR CREAM

6 *veal chops*
2 *tablespoons flour*
2 *tablespoons lard*
1 *cup sour cream*
Paprika
Salt and pepper

Dredge veal chops in flour and brown on both sides in hot lard. When nicely browned, season with salt and pepper and paprika. Add sour cream, cover tightly, and cook very slowly until done, about 45 minutes. Remove to a hot platter and make sour cream gravy by thickening drippings and adding more liquid. (Makes 6 servings).

* * *

Of course, if the butcher is closed you can always pick up a couple of cans of Philadelphia scrapple . . . with eggs it makes a wonderful dish. Just remove the scrapple from the can, cut in thin slices, dust with cracker crumbs and fry. Turn once. When scrapple is ready (it fries in about 5 minutes), remove from the pan and keep hot in oven. Then fry your eggs in the pan and serve together.

"He took it from the top of the Empire State Building, and you can't imagine how it's cut down our food bills!"

FROM THE BACHELOR'S BAR

Because so many amateur bartenders, in an attempt to imitate their professional betters, will ruin a drink by hazy "eye" measurements, we present herewith standard bar measures:

1 quart . . . . . 32 ounces
1/5 . . . . . 25.6 ounces
1 pint . . . . . 16 ounces
1 pony . . . . . 1 ounce
1 jigger . . . . . 1½ ounces
1 wineglass . . . . . 4 ounces
1 teaspoonful . . . . . ⅛ ounce
1 dash . . . . . 1/6 teaspoonful

A good bartender—amateur or professional—always observes the rule of exact accuracy of measurement. Accuracy means *uniformity*—standardization. It is your guarantee that the Martini, for instance, that you mix today will taste exactly as good as the one you made last week or last year. Don't attempt to "spike" a drink for quick effect—you'll ruin the flavor. Mix a new batch and enjoy 'em as they go down.

Here are exact measurements for some of the country's most popular drinks. Remember to follow a recipe accurately: when it says *stir*, that's the thing to do. When it says *shake*, SHAKE. When it says *dashes*, use DASHES, not drops.

MANHATTAN

⅔ Rye Whiskey
⅓ Sweet Vermuth
Three generous dashes Angostura Bitters

Put ingredients in a mixing glass filled with cracked ice, and stir until thoroughly blended. Strain into cocktail glass and serve.

MARTINI (Dry)

⅔ Dry Gin
⅓ Dry Vermouth

Stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass dressed with olive or pearl onions. Twist lemon peel over top for oil.

MARTINI (Sweet)

⅔ Dry Gin
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
Dash of orange bitters

Stir in cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass prepared with Maraschino cherry or olive, as desired.

BROWNIE

"Oh, Nicky—why do they call you Saint?"

"He came here right from the costume ball!"

SHOPPING

SWANKY SHOPPING TIPS

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE, AND HOW MUCH IT COSTS

The average man will spend a thousand dollars furnishing his apartment with the latest and best furniture that can be bought, and then bury it beneath heaps of magazines. And as for waste paper baskets, well, those things just don't exist. Anyway, it seems much more convenient for him to throw his waste paper under the desk somewhere where it can't be seen. If this picture reminds any feminine reader of her boy friend, she might consider buying him a magazine rack and waste-paper basket ensemble offered by the Modernage Furniture Corporation of 162 East 33rd Street, New York. The gift will be a welcome one, and it might convince the gentleman that neatness is still the order of the day. The waste basket and magazine rack are available in oak or walnut trim in tan pigskin, eggshell, or dark cordovan red simulated leather, or other colors on special order. The wastepaper basket sells for $6, the magazine rack for $8.

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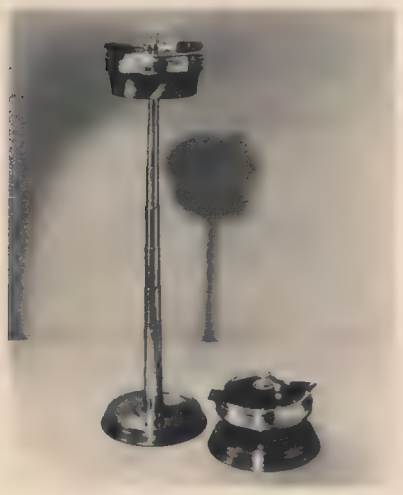


Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "Why the devil don't they design ash stands that don't drive you nuts?"

Trying to place the conventional smoke-stand in such a position where it won't be necessary to dislocate a shoulder in order to reach it is even more impossible than trying to get a balanced national budget. And with modernists designing furniture so low slung that you almost sit up higher when you squat on the floor, the smoke-stand is apt to tower up in front of you like a skyscraper grimly challenging you to drop the ashes into it without hopping up like a jackrabbit every five minutes. Or, if you're sitting at a table, it's a safe bet that the stand will be on the wrong side of your chair, if not behind it altogether. As a hint to the ladies whose husbands are giving a mighty good imitation of Mr. Hyde, of Jekyll and Hyde fame, we might suggest that hubby is definitely suffering from smoke-stand troubles as illustrated above. Why not make him happy this Christmas by going to any Hoffritz Cutlery Store in New York and asking to see their new adjustable smokestands. The Hoffritz Cutlery Stores in New York are featuring an ash-stand that is adjustable to any height, being equipped with a telescopic center rod. If it is telescoped entirely, it is low enough to be placed directly on the table. The Hoffritz stores offer this attractive stand for the nominal sum of $5.95.

What this country needs is a shoe that wasn't designed by the torturers of the Spanish Inquisition. Palter and Fitzgerald, of 297 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, New York, have, for 87 years, put out such a shoe. Whether you wear size four shoes or size twenty-one, you can be sure that Palter and Fitzgerald have a shoe in stock that will fit your feet, and not those of half a dozen other guys. And if nature cheated you out of a few inches of height, you can get a special height-increasing inner sole for your shoes. Heretofore, orthopedic shoes were built about as stylishly as a pair of canal barges, but Palter and Fitzgerald stress style as well as comfort with the result that their shoes built for corrective purposes look right up to date and are in the latest fashion. For no charge and with no obligation, they will study your shoes, tell you if you walk correctly, and if not, what might be done to correct any wrong walking tendencies.

* * *

Ever since the smoking of tobacco has been introduced into polite circles, matches and cigarettes have had a fiendish quality of never being found together. And there can't be a situation more doleful than having a box full of cigarettes staring you in the face with no matches handy, the nearest cigar store ten blocks away, and the rain coming down in buckets outside. Some genius among the company with forethought may have a cigarette lighter, but just as likely as not, there will be no lighter fluid in it. You can prevent this gloomy possibility from becoming a fact at your next party by availing yourself of the new Ronson Table Lighter. Danish Modern design, quadruple silver plated, and holds a copious amount of fluid. It has a padded base to prevent scratching smooth surfaces. The Ronson Table Lighter can be bought at Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th Street, New York. Price $7.50.

* * *

When repeal first streaked across the country in 1933, the novelty of being able to go into a store and openly buy a bottle of whisky without feeling like a potential candidate for Alcatraz was enough to satisfy anyone. But now, 9 years later, it's another story. No longer do you get the feeling of devilish prankishness while buying a bottle of booze; and no longer do your guests' eyes light up in joyous anticipation when you stealthily give them a peek at a bottle of forbidden liquid. The glamour of the demon rum has worn off, and we take it as a matter of course. However, the prosaic process of pouring out a drink can be made infinitely more interesting by fitting your liquor bottles with the musical liquor pourers recently put out on the market. They fit into the neck of any liquor bottle, and when the bottle is tilted, the air is filled with the sweet, and truthful strains of "How Dry I Am". When the bottle is set back on the table, the music stops. The musical liquor pourer is engine-turned on handsome chromium, and is guaranteed not to drip. $5.95 at Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York.

The days of the strong, silent flannel-shirted hero who slept with his best pal . . . his horse, have gone into the limbo of forgotten things. Anyway, ladies tell us there is nothing romantic about a strong smell of tobacco mingled with the subtle perfume of man's best friend. Now, the fashion cycle has swung back to the days of the Dandy when men wore gorgeous colors and scent was a social requisite. "Aphrodisia for Men" is a virile version of Faberge's famous cologne which the orchidaceous type of women loves, or so we have been told. Women wearing Faberge's perfumes have always been so fatal to the poor, susceptible male that men have cried for retaliation . . . and Faberge gives them "Aphrodisia for Men" and "Woodhue for Men." These colognes are handsomely packed in streamlined flacons with screw tops and coasters of genuine saddle leather, white linen stitched. Prices are $1.50, $2.50, and $5.00.

* * *

macher-Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York.

Incidentally, this item seems a good way of checking your bibulous friends who constantly try to grab a hooker of your favorite brandy when you're not looking. Liquor can't be poured out of the bottle without warning you wherever you may be.

The Rover

That "HOLLYWOOD LOOK" on your income

The city of beautiful women, handsome men, and fabulous salaries has bomb-studded London to thank for its own rise to fashion fame. Men like Jeffrey Lynn are now setting the style for the well-dressed American man . . . with the help of a pair of broad shoulders, a good tailor, and a profitable movie contract.

But it doesn't take a Warner Brothers income to dress as smartly as Jeffrey Lynn. The SWANK MAGAZINE comparative shopping tour proves that a modest income plus good style sense will keep you well-attired.

We sent four members of our fashion staff on an old-fashioned scavenger hunt, each equipped with one of the photographs shown here. Instructions were merely, "Bring back a garment like Lynn is wearing." Taking no more time than a generous lunch hour, our style reporters delivered the goods.

For answer to all queries, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to SWANK Magazine, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BASIC

Good basic suit for every wardrobe is this Hart, Schaffner & Marx all-wool grey flannel, made with a natural shoulder and slightly suppressed waist. Wallachs, $35. New honey-toned broadcloth shirt is shown with it. $2.50.

BUSINESS

Ideal business and travel garment is the double-breasted hard-finished worsted with pin stripe by Don Mac Donald Co. $35. Note peak lapel, broad chest, slash pockets. Solid color silk tie and white shirt with tab collar are appropriate accessories.

SPORT

Youth and adventure seem wrapped up in this single-breasted brown cheviot with bold herringbone pattern, niche lapel and flap pocket. Smart for all winter sports events and university wear. The Pace Setter suit. $30. Two trousers.

FORMAL

Semi-fitted double-breasted dress coat by Adler-Rochester with two-button front, peak lapel, flap over inset pockets. $39.50. His opera hat is made on the new rigid frame of fille silk, with smartly curved brim. Fleugelman, Inc. $12.50.

ARTHUR MURRAY

(Continued from page 38)

the day came when he decided there was no great future as a dance teacher and he packed himself off to Georgia Tech in Atlanta to take a course in business administration. Perhaps, that's a clue to the business sense that made a success of his teaching business.

But in order to finance the education that was to enable him to break away from dancing, he needed funds. Arthur took a look about him and found that in Atlanta, like every other place, people had a horror of daisying around as a wall flower. They were willing to pay to learn the secret of how to be popular.

For a fee, he patiently struggled with clumsy fellow students and awkward southern belles—in odd hours between classes at Tech. At the end of his sophomore year, he'd made himself fifteen G's. It was then he decided that maybe dancing for a living wasn't so bad after all and there was little use in continuing at college.

About this time, the dancing master began combining things he'd learned about big business with the things he knew about dancing. His agile mind evolved an unique idea to make his agile feet pay even more. The mail order houses kept themselves busy vending by mail, so why couldn't Arthur Murray market a dance lesson or two via the postal facilities? From this idea came the clever little booklet replete with dotted diagrams, outlining the fundamentals of the fox trot. Anyone who could read, even if he moved his lips while doing so, could follow his simple, well illustrated instructions. Then the advertisements. He has netted as high as 40,000 replies to one small layout in a popular magazine.

It was a well-heeled Art Murray who returned to Manhattan from Dixie in 1924. He set up offices on East 43rd Street, continued his steady advertising and soon was one of the post office department's best customers, for at that time, his entire business was done through the mail.

But he had to do something about the eager pilgrims who persistently pestered him for personal instruction. They were too many for the master alone. The answer was a crew of well trained instructors and instructresses; the industrious Mr. Murray gave up teaching to apply his shrewd business sense to run the ever increasing business end of the 43rd Street establishment.

Thus, the term "An Arthur Murray dance pupil," is a misnomer, for few if any students get personal instruction from the master. They must get their lessons second-hand by way of a Murray-trained teacher. The master teaches only teachers. In the busiest season, he employs as many as 200 teachers in his New York studios—most of them attractive women, for a majority of Murray pupils are men. Murray explains why. A woman, to be a good dancer, needs only to be pliant, yielding. It is the man's job to lead, to take the initiative. Then, too, if a woman is sufficiently ornate, she can get along even if her dancing is mediocre; While a man, although handsome, needs a well-trained body in order to take the yielding ladies in tow across a crowded dance floor.

Dancing, says Murray, is as natural as walking or running, but it needs a few lessons to be developed. That is where Mr. Murray comes in—by mail; or you go into one of his widely scattered sixty studios all over the country.

His teachers aren't allowed many little ideas of their own. Murray is a firm believer in the adage, "Experience is the best teacher"—and he's almost thirty years in the business. He asks pointedly, "What could a young teacher know about dancing that I haven't learned years before?" And if he doesn't watch out, one of these days some youngster is liable to show him.

In addition to outfitting hundreds of thousands of awkward males with grace, poise and courage on the dance floor, Mr. Murray has also outfitted many of these gentlemen with dancing partners for life. Indirectly as follows: Becoming a good dancer through Murray instruction, leads the once awkward male into getting around more with the ladies, resulting in marriage with the right one met at a taffy pull where dancing was the main diversion. Or, oddly enough, many of Mr. Murray's clients go to him for instruction because an adamant girl won't marry him until he can dance. One of Murray's teachers has done a little ode to this type of pupil. Here it is, lifted bodily from the Master's house organ, the Murray Go Round:

I was gangly and gawky
Giggly and squawky,
A sight on the dance floor to see.
One lesson at Murray's—well, now
I got worries,
A life and fam-a-lee.

Or by the more direct method; while disclaiming credit for running a matrimonial agency, it's a fact that several score marriages result each year from pupils getting an out of school interest in their teachers. Of course, this doesn't always result in marriage. When Mr. Murray hears shop gossip that pupil X is apple polishing with Teacher Z, he only sighs and hopes that the teacher will not let marriage interfere with his or her career in the Murray studios. For it takes six months to develop a teacher worthy of working under the Murray name. While the Murray method is not too involved, it takes patience to develop the psychological angle in a teacher, for many men and women who come to Arthur Murray suffer horrible inferiority complexes as a result of years of being shunned by the opposite sex. His teachers must have the utmost patience to assure the gawky pupil that he's doing all right, while as a matter of fact, he's horrible. The Murray establishments are like all other chain stores—the customer must be led to think he's right, and then gently guided to the point where he really is all right.

In the past several years, all mail order business began to decline, and Murray's was no exception. And like Sears and Roebuck, Murray offset this loss with a chain of establishments in other cities.

The master is such a believer in dancing that he has the conviction that the current importation of so many South American dances to the United States and vice versa will do much to bring the Americas closer. Thus as you glide along to the new Brazilian importation, the Sambra—a thing with a touch of the tango that Murray believes will be the next big craze—whether in New York's El Morocco or a Georgia jook, you may unknowingly be a dancing disciple of the good neighbor policy.

Murray is in a position to meet and hold many of the most beautiful women in the world, but as he says, he's a family man. Mrs. Murray has been a great help to him in his business, sort of keeping a clear objective eye peeled for any weaknesses in methods and administration. His fifteen-year-old twin daughters are Murray-trained and expect to some day carry on the Murray establishments.

The dance master's favorite music is plain old gutbucket jive of the St. Louis Blues variety. He practises what he teaches—one hour daily for exercise and its liberating effect. And it's not a gag when he confesses that dancing—jitterbug style—is his hobby.

Around in the small competing studios Murray is regarded in a sort of awed jealousy. Remarks like, "He can't dance or teach any better than we—he just knows how to market himself better," are not uncommon.

As you sit and talk with Arthur Murray—a plain looking man in a plain office—and hear the recorded music seeping in from the instruction rooms, over the pounding typewriters of his large crew of office workers outside, you get the idea that he's far more than a dancing instructor. He's a business man opportunist who knew his chance when he saw it.

The fact that he can dance and teach is wholly secondary.

THE END

BETTING FOOLS

(Continued from page 40)

drowning were uttered.

Squeezing the water from his clothes the laughing man offered to bet he could swim 100 feet under water attired as he was.

Bets piled up but not as fast as he wanted them to.

He increased the distance to 300 feet and the reluctant bankrolls began seeing the light of day.

When he had exhausted the pockets, purses and stockings of even the fair-haired spectators, he buttoned up his coat; took a good long breath and plunged into the 85-foot pool.

He was on his fourth trip without coming up when he shot to the surface, gasping for air.

A quick measuring committee announced the distance at 339 feet and the smiling young man gathered his bets, leaped into a cabby and headed for a suit-maker.

An Indian-club-swinging Invercargill New Zealander once boasted that he could swing a pair of Indian clubs for at least three days without stopping.

Challenged to make good his boast he accepted all wagers and then went to work. Just 585,000 swings later and eight hours over the wagering time, the athlete stopped his propeller-like whirling and settled down for a good night's rest.

One of the largest wagers in "modern eras" is the one made in Princess Ann County, Virginia, about eight years ago.

Two partners had disagreed over management of a plantation which they owned jointly. They quibbled daily. They also golfed.

One day J. Smith Ferebee "bet that he could" play 144 holes of golf during the duration of the sun's stay over the course. His partner jumped at the chance. "I'll bet my half of the plantation, plus a $2,500 side bet, that you can't."

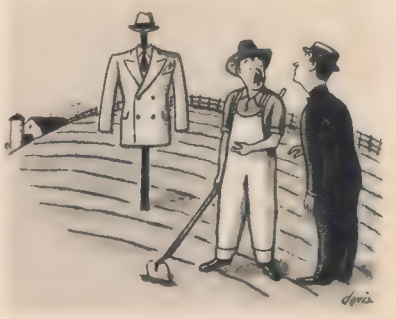
Here was a chance for everything—or nothing.

Ferebee started out at dawn and in consecutive order tallied games of 90, 82, 82, 82, 87, 87, 88 and 89 for a grand day's total of 687. He sank the final putt just as the sun was beginning to flatten out into a ruddy glow in the west and so he won his bet.

The only hitch in this betting game is that for every winner there must be a loser.

It's a smart thing to remember.

THE END



"The Government suggested it."

IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

(Continued from page 8)

tightly, lifted her head in the manner of one facing an unpleasant task and said, "Dear Mrs. Felden, I don't know quite how to tell you—I honestly don't like to say anything—but I think you should know what your husband's been doing."

From there on, Mrs. Benson did a piece of work that would have won her four stars in any fan magazine. By the time she had finished, they were both sobbing over the infidelity of man in general, and Joe in particular.

A little later Joe came home, as punctual as usual and with pleasant thoughts of a good meal, his evening paper and a quiet smoke. The door was bolted on the inside. Joe rang the bell, but there was no answer. He tried again and this time an upstairs window was flung open for Mrs. Felden to look down on her man.

"Go away," she said.

"Why?" asked Joe.

"Why? Why? You have the nerve—oh, Joe, why did you do it?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "What have I done?"

"How can you stand there and ask me that you—you—" She slammed the window and Joe was left without even the chance of a rebuttal.

He rang the bell. He knocked on the door panelling. He called to his wife; even remembering a pet name that had been laid aside years before. There was no answer, and having no close friends he could turn to, he had his dinner in a drug store, bought a newspaper and finished the evening in a room at the Y.M.C.A.

He was at his desk in the office early, but noticed that the few people who usually said "Good morning" to him seemed to be trying to avoid his corner. Once he looked up to see a couple of stenographers pointing at him and whispering about something.

About ten o'clock he got a visit from a lawyer who claimed he had been retained by Mrs. Felden, who was demanding a divorce.

"What does she want a divorce for?" asked Joe unhappily.

"She found out what you did last Saturday night," advised the lawyer.

"Well, that's all right, I was only at an Elks' meeting," said Joe.

"I hear different," answered the counsel. "We'll save the argument for when we get to court."

"But I don't want to go to court."

"You're telling me! Good day, Mr. Felden."

A half an hour later Joe was called into the office of the big boss. The chief was formal and to the point.

"Mr. Felden," he said, "your conduct has been called to my attention. How long this has been going on I don't know, but I do know we cannot tolerate such actions. You can get your check from the time office."

"But—"

The chief looked him squarely in the eye and said, "I'm sorry, Felden, but there's nothing more to be said."

Joe stumbled out somehow, but he still didn't know what it was all about.

He went back to his room at the Y and sat there numbly until the early afternoon editions hit the street. He thought there might be some little notice in the newspaper about the suit for divorce that would help him to understand. The story had a nice prominent spread on the front page—topped by a beautiful black head.

Surely the people who knew him couldn't believe the bewildering duplicity that appeared in these condemning paragraphs. He would find someone at the plant and get that person to go to his wife and straighten out the jumble. All he wanted was to get back to her and the complacent routine of his life. Old Joe Felden put on his hat, pulled it well down over his eyes and slipped out into the street.

Halfway down the block he saw Bill Jeffers gazing into a store window. Joe shuffled up alongside of him and said, "Hello, Bill."

Bill's smile did a quick fade-out as soon as he saw who had spoken to him. "Hello, Felden," he said, cautiously glancing over his shoulder.

"Listen, Bill, I want you to help me out."

"Now don't drag me in on this, Felden. I know a guy's got to have a little fun once in a while, but there ought to be some limit."

"Bill, you don't believe—"

"I don't want to be rude, Felden, but I'm waiting for my wife and if she sees me talking to you I'll get the devil."

"Uh-huh, well—"

"For Christ's sake, duck—here she comes!"

That finished Joe. He was just a quiet little man, was Joe Felden, with no desire but a simple home life and his paper and his pipe, and on week-ends maybe a little dabbling in his garden. He had no weapons for this crisis. He went back to the Y. There was no packing to do, except to slip his briar in the pocket of his coat.

He wrote a letter to Mrs. Felden's lawyer and turned over whatever assets he had. Then he headed out for South America. That would have been the last place he would have thought of going a week before—maybe that's why it was the first place he thought of going when things worked out as they did.

I suppose he's down there somewhere; but I can't picture him for I don't see how old Joe Felden fits into a set-up like that. He's just not one of the type.

The gag? I'm sorry, buddy, you'll have to get it from somebody else. Me, now, I'm a married man.

THE END

THE ROAD TO RUIN

(Continued from page 20)

revised radio script. Whew!

I produce radio programs. I joined the Nit Wit Club. I married a zombie, put it any way you care to. I'm a daredevil. Do what I do and you'll fear nothing. Fearless, like Paul Revere. Listen, my children and you shall hear of the midnight ride . . . Can't use it. Why start a program by saying "children"? What will the grown-ups think? Anyway, its too patronizing. And the "midnight" is definitely out. The prudes don't like the idea of a midnight ride. The thing is bad. It was a horseback ride and the sponsor sells automobile oil. Besides, it'll put us in bad with the airplane people. Start out with: "Listen, *ladies and gentlemen,* and you shall hear of the *automobile* ride of Paul Revere." That'll make it better. It's not a knockout but it's an improvement. So OK they didn't have autos. So call it a fantasy. Swell lead-in for a commercial. None better. There goes the signal, the audience hushes, we're on the air.

ANNCR: Friends, can you imagine . . . (gives light chuckle) Can you imagine if Paul Revere made his famous ride through the countryside in an automobile?"

BIZ: CORNY AUTO GOES BEEP BEEP.

VOICE: (off mike) To arms . . .! To arms . . .!

ANNCR: (coming in fast over sound B.G.) Yes, the whole fate of the nation would have depended on Paul's car . . . On the performance of his engine . . . LEAD DIRECTLY INTO HARD HITTING COPY SELLING OIL.

THE END

Want sure defense against dull parties? Enlist this clever new liquor pourer which sets the right note for gayer evenings. Non-drip pourer fits into any liquor bottle, plays **"How Dry I Am!"** when liquor starts pouring. Tilt bottle back and music stops. Gives your spirits a musical build-up! Of handsome engine-turned chrome plate **$5.95**

New Gift Booklet "SW-3" ready soon—ask for your copy NOW!

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER
145 E. 57th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

No matter how much of a blackguard you are, no matter how sophisticated and cynical . . . there's a soft spot in your heart that a certain type of woman can touch. *You know what we mean!* . . . a type like John Alden's Priscilla. . . .

Keep your date with her, every month in . . . SWANK

"He won't let anyone but a Dr. Kildare operate on him!"

Continued from page 35

CHAMPAGNE CUP	Maraschino Liqueur[9] Chartreuse[16] Brandy[4] Champagne[11]	Take a 2 qt. pitcher, place a 1 inch layer of cracked ice on bottom, garnish with slices of orange, pineapple, cucumber, lemon peel, etc. Add 1½ oz. of Maraschino liqueur, 1½ oz. of Chartreuse and 1½ oz. of brandy. Now make second layer of cracked ice and garnish as before. Make a third and fourth layer in the same manner. When pitcher is half full, place a long spoon in the ice and serve with a bottle of champagne on the side. (Open champagne at table and pour into pitcher.)
CLARET CUP	Maraschino Liqueur[9] Curacao[17] Brandy[4] Claret[2]	Made in the same manner as the Champagne Cup described above, with the exception that claret is served instead of champagne and curacao instead of chartreuse
HOT BUTTERED RUM	Jamaica Rum[15] Bitters[1] Butter Cloves Hot Water	Take a thick glass or pewter mug. Put in a third of a teaspoon of bitters. Add 3 oz. of Jamaica rum and place a teaspoonful of butter in the rum. Pour piping hot water into the mug. Sprinkle 3 or 4 cloves on top. Stir with a spoon and allow to steep for a few minutes. Inhale freely, but sip cautiously!
SHERRY AND BITTERS	Bitters[1] Dry Sherry[18]	Dash ½ teaspoon of bitters into a sherry glass, add 3 oz. of dry sherry and mix thoroughly. Simply mixing the two does not bring out the full tonic qualities of it, they must be carefully blended by vigorous stirring.
MULLED CLARET	Granulated Sugar Cinnamon Cloves Allspice Lemon Juice Bitters Claret[2]	First get large bar glass or goblet and a poker. Add teaspoonful of granulated sugar, half teaspoonful cinnamon, ¼ teaspoonful ground cloves, ½ teaspoonful allspice, ½ teaspoonful lemon juice, water, ¼ teaspoonful bitters and 3 oz. of claret. Heat the poker until it glows, then stick it into the mixture until it froths and boils over. Strain and serve. (Of course, for the less romantic, it can be done by boiling the wine in a saucepan, adding the spices and the rest of the ingredients and straining into a goblet. (Then fill with hot water.)
CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL* *We include two of the most popular recipes for this widely used holiday drink.	Sugar Bitters[1] Champagne[11] Orange Peel	Place lump of sugar in champagne glass, saturate with bitters. Add a twist of lemon or orange peel, or both if desired. Fill with chilled champagne
CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL	Southern Comfort[19] Bitters[1] Champagne[11]	Pour an ounce of chilled Southern Comfort into a champagne glass. Add a dash of bitters. Then fill glass with champagne (very cold). Garnish with thin lemon peel.
SPICED PUNCH* *Non-alcoholic but palatable for the youngsters and those on the wagon	Cinnamon Cloves Water Orange Juice Ginger Ale	Take three small sticks of cinnamon, break into small pieces and drop in bowl. Add ½ tablespoon of whole cloves, 3 cups of water, ½ cup of orange juice. Spices must be cooked in water for 15 minutes before the orange juice is added. Then permit it to cool. When serving, add 1 tablespoon of the mixture to each tumbler of ginger ale.
FISH HOUSE PUNCH (Serves 6)	Lemon Juice Granulated Sugar Brandy[4] Peach Liqueur[20] Jamaica Rum[15] Bitters[1] Carbonated Water	Take 4 oz. of lemon juice, add to ¾ lb. of granulated sugar, dissolved in a little water. Place in large punch bowl. Then add 8 oz. brandy, 4 oz. peach liqueur, 8 oz. of Jamaica rum, 2 tablespoons of bitters. Mix well, then add a quart of carbonated water (or more to taste). Serve well iced.
APPLE SWIZZLE	Apple Brandy[7] West Indies Rum[21] Bitters[1] Lime Juice	Take glass pitcher. Add 1½ oz. apple brandy, 1 oz. West Indies rum, 6 dashes bitters, juice of half a lime. Add plenty of shaved ice. Churn vigorously with a swizzle stick until the pitcher begins to frost. Strain and serve in cocktail glass. (A cocktail shaker may be used if no swizzle stick is available.)
MINT JULEP* *For those who don't expect a white Christmas	Fresh Mint Bourbon Whiskey[22] Rum[6] Cherry Granulated Sugar Seltzer	Fill a 10 oz. Collins glass with finely crushed ice and put it to one side. Next, take 2 sprigs of fresh mint, strip off the leaves and place them in a mixing glass. Add a teaspoon of granulated sugar. Macerate with muddler until the mint flavor is released from leaves. Add a splash of seltzer and 3 oz. Bourbon whiskey. Stir gently, then strain into Collins glass, over the ice. Work a barspoon up and down in the mixture until the outside of the glass frosts. Top with a splash of rum, 2 sprigs of fresh mint, a cherry and serve with straws. (Do not touch glass with hands, use towel when handling glass. This facilitates frosting.)
SUNDOWNER COCKTAIL *A South African favorite during the holidays)	Lemon Juice Orange Juice Van de Hum Liqueur[23] Good Hope Brandy[24]	Fill shaker with 1/5 lemon juice, 1/5 orange juice, 1/5 Van der Hum liqueur-cordial, 2/5 Good Hope Brandy. Shake well with cracked ice, strain and serve in cocktail glass.
SCARLETT O'HARA COCKTAIL	Southern Comfort[19] Cranberry Juice Lime Juice	Take bar glass and half fill with cracked ice. Add 2/3 Southern Comfort, 1/3 cranberry juice and the juice of ¼ of a lime. Stir well, then strain into a cocktail glass and serve.
RHETT BUTLER COCKTAIL	Southern Comfort[19] Lime Juice Lemon Juice Curacao[17]	Use cocktail shaker. Mix 1½ oz. Southern Comfort, juice of ¼ lime, juice of ¼ lemon, 1 tablespoonful of curacao. Add shaved ice, shake well, strain and serve in cocktail glass.
WHISKEY PUNCH	Bourbon[22] Lemon Juice Curacao[17] Carbonated Water Simple Syrup	Take large punch bowl. Place chunk of clear ice in center. Add 1 qt. of bourbon, 4½ oz. of lemon juice and 3 oz. curacao. Mix well, then add ½ pint carbonated water. Sweeten with 1½ oz. of simple syrup (or more to taste) and decorate with fruit in season. Serve in punch bowls.
ROMAN PUNCH* (Serves 7) *Potent. Can be diluted with carbonated water if the guests can't take it.	Sugar Lemons Oranges Bitters[1] Eggs West Indies Rum[21] Champagne[11]	Take large punch bowl. Separate yolks from whites of six eggs, and set aside. Mix juice of six lemons and juice of three oranges, then dissolve pound of granulated sugar in these juices. Add 3 oz. of bitters. Beat whites of eggs well and add to mixture. Then take quart of West Indies rum and add, to be followed by quart of champagne.
GIN SWIZZLE	Dry Gin[25] Bitters[1] Lime Juice Granulated Sugar	Take glass pitcher. Add 1½ oz. dry gin, 6 oz. bitters, ¾ oz. fresh lime juice and 1 teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Add plenty of shaved ice to the mixture, then churn vigorously with a swizzle stick until the pitcher starts to frost, then strain into a cocktail glass and serve. (If you haven't a swizzle stick around, use a cocktail shaker. Same results, but less glamour!)

APPENDIX OF BRANDS AND APPROXIMATE PRICES

1—Bitters: Angostura Bitters, $1.50.

2—Claret:
Lango Claret, 79c; Legend Claret, 79c; Sunbeam Claret, 69c; Gold Seal Claret, 79c; E & K Claret, 89c.

3—Sherry:
Bellows Sherry, 79c; G & D Sherry, 50c; Old Dutch Sherry, $1.25; Santa Alicia Sherry, 79c.

4—Brandy:
Beringer Three Star (fifths), $2.22; Christian Brothers Brandy (fifths), $2.65; Dennison's 5 Star (fifths), $2.05; 4-Year-Old Italian Swiss Colony Grape (fifths), $2.25; 3 Star Brandy (quarts), $2.34.

5—Ryes:
Calvert Reserve, $3.15; Carstairs White Seal, $2.67; Mattingly & Moore, $2.67; National Eagle, $2.44; PM Private Stock, $2.48; Schenley Red Label, $2.67; Seagram 7 Crown, $3.15; Three Feathers, $2.67; Wilson, $2.67; Hiram Walker Imperial, $2.67.

6—Puerto Rican Rum:
Bacardi, $2.93; Carioca, $2.60; Don Q. $2.87; Ronrico, $2.80.

7—Apple Brandy:
County Apple Brandy, $2.00; Hildick's White Label, $3.17; Laird's Three Star Apple Brandy, $2.90.

8—Peach Brandy
Arrow Peach Brandy, $2.51; De Kuyper's Peach Brandy, $2.45; Pete Hagan Peach Brandy, $1.98; LeRoux Peach Brandy, $2.70; Mouquin Peach Brandy, $2.25.

9—Maraschino Liqueur:
Arrow Maraschino Liqueur, $2.59; Du Bouchett Maraschino Liqueur, $2.69.

10—Orange Curacao:
Hiram Walker Orange Curacao, $2.15; DeKuyper's Orange Curacao, $2.58; Lancier Orange Curacao, $1.98.

11—Champagne (American):
Garrett Champagne, $2.59; Cook's Imperial, $2.61; Gold Seal, $2.79; Great Western, $2.59; Renault Pink, $2.59.

12—Burgundy:
Cribari's Sunnie Boy Burgundy, 49c; Monarch Gold Label, 59c; Great Western Burgundy, 98c.

13—Port:
Garrett Port, 79c; Bellows Ruby Port, $1.12; Monarch Gold Label Port, 59c; Great Western Tawny Port, 98c.

14—Cherry Brandy:
Du Bouchett, $2.49; Arrow Cherry Brandy, $2.69; Cazanove Cherry Brandy, $2.45.

15—Jamaica Rum:
Charley's Jamaica Rum, $3.70; Havana Club Jamaica, $3.27; Lemon Hart Rum, $3.62; Waldorf Astoria Jamaica Rum, $3.59.

16—Chartreuse:
Bardinet, $3.20; Du Bouchett's Charnette, $3.18.

17—White Curacao:
Bardinet Curacao, $2.30; DuBouchett Curacao, $2.50; Ramirez White Curacao, $3.15.

18—Dry Sherry:
Gold Seal Dry Sherry, 89c; E & K Dry Sherry, 79c; Great Western Dry Sherry, 98c; Wente Brothers Dry Sherry, $1.49.

19—Southern Comfort:
Southern Comfort, $3.60.

20—Peach Liqueur:
De Kuyper Peach Liqueur, $2.59; Julius Marcus Peach Liqueur, $2.49; Hiram Walker Peach Liqueur, $2.49.

21—West Indies Rum:
Bacardi White Label, $3.75; Havana Club Gold Label, $3.04; Siboney, $2.15.

22—Bourbons:
Glenmore Gold Label, $2.78; I. W. Harper, $2.89 (fifth); $3.57 (quart); Old Crow (fifth), $2.65; Old Grandad (fifth), $3.33; Old Schenley (fifth), $2.45; (quart), $2.97.

23—Van der Hum Liqueur:
Van der Hum Liqueur, $4.40.

24—South African Brandy:
Good Hope South African Brandy, $3.35.

25—Dry Gin.
Seagram Ancient Bottle, $2.10; Baltimore Club Gin, $1.85; Carstairs London Dry Gin, $2.03; Gilbey's Dry Gin, $2.35; Gordon's Dry Gin, $2.35.

26—Rhine Wines:
Santa Alicia Rhine Wine, 49c; G & D Rhine Wine, 49c; Wente Bros. Rhine Wine, 89c; Great Western Rhine Wine, 89c.

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RECORDS

"DISC-USSION"

By BOB BACH

DUKE ELLINGTON and Artie Shaw—two of the really important talents in popular music—make it a photo finish for disc honors these days. Both are putting their own music onto wax with increasing effectiveness and that is enough reason for believing that God's in His Heaven, all's well in the (music) world. Shaw's most thrilling record thus far with his new, 32-piece orchestra is one on which he must share honors with at least two others. The record is "Blues In The Night" (Victor 27609) written by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen for the Warner Brothers' picture of the same name and featuring Shaw's great Negro trumpeter-vocalist, "Hot Lips" Page. Mercer's swell lyrics sung in authentic blues fashion by "Lips" is the highspot of this or any other month's wax output, but thank Artie Shaw for wrapping this whole thing up in his usual brilliant and yet tasteful setting. For once the moody maestro lets his "inspired clarinet" (the quotes belong to the Victor Co.) take a back seat although you can hear him to good advantage on the reverse, another tune from the same picture.

As for the Duke, he, of course, can do very little wrong, which fact may someday be recognized by the public. Ellington's "A Train," "Flamingo," and "I Got It Bad" were classics of this past year and his latest is almost equally worthy of your attention. "Just a-Settin' and a-Rockin' " is, as the title implies, an easy going, rocking instrumental. Ben Webster, the Duke's terrific tenor sax star, is the featured soloist with the usual magnificent Ellington background.

—o—

Will Bradley is an up-an-coming young bandleader who is finally getting the recognition he rightly deserves as one of the country's finest trombonists. Hear his Columbia record of the beautiful Vernon Duke classic, "April In Paris," and see if you don't think his sliphorn style compares favorably with the more popular Tommy Dorsey. Bradley's band, of course, is best known for its boogie-woogie specialties, but their playing of ballads is just as noteworthy—especially the golden-toned horn of Mr. B. Teddy Powell on the Bluebird label is another band that is getting some attention via boogie-woogie novelties but don't overlook this group's waxings of ballads, particularly such standout items as the revivals of "Time On My Hands" (sung wonderfully by Ruth Gaylor) "Honey" and "I Used To Love You." The latter two are coupled on Bluebird 11270. This Teddy Powell band is certainly a most under-rated crew and deserves to be right up with the Gene Krupas, Les Browns, and others who are fairly successful.

That Harry James band is consistently turning out grade A releases and the acquisition of singer Helen Forrest (recently with Benny Goodman) should boom their stock considerably. The Trumpet King is another bandleader who has added strings to his orchestra (Jan Savitt will probably be next) thus making it seem as if a major trend in popular music were already well under way. Tab for future reference a west coast band-leader known as Stan Kenton, who is soon to open at a prominent New York club and has already waxed 4 sides for Decca. The first Kenton discs to be released were hardly epoch-making but the talk from those who seem to know about such things predicts a tremendous future for this California jump crew. In case you have overlooked any of these platters in recent months, here's still another plug for: Benny Goodman's Columbia releases "Air Mail Special," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," and "The Count"; (make no mistake about it, The King is still tops in his own field and playing better clarinet than ever; watch for a new disc of his called "The Earl" featuring his brilliant, 18-year-old pianist Mel Powell) Claude Thornhill's beautiful theme "Snowfall," backed by "Where Or When," on Columbia 36268; Xavier Cugat's unusual and haunting "Rhumba Rhapsody" on Columbia 36230; and finally the great Columbia album of "Louie and Earl," featuring the best work of these two giants of jazz—a great buy.

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IF THIS BE GLORY

(Continued from page 11)

It didn't make sense; a man in his position being timid. But maybe he was only that way around women.

The door opened and they entered, side by side, almost as one person: Mr. Stone towering above everything else; the other man dressed in the usual loose-fitting gray shirt and trousers, a defiant look upon his face. High-cheekboned and slender-nostriled, he had an air of rather unsure aloofness. Though his head barely reached Mr. Stone's shoulder he was a tall man whose eyes were slightly hostile as he looked Ellen carefully up and down. He laughed, short and nervous, without smiling or opening his lips. The laughter seemed to start and end in his mouth, rising metallically then dying abruptly against his teeth.

"You weren't lyin'. She's good lookin', all right. What'll I call her?" His words ran together, as though the effort to separate them was too troublesome.

"That's not important," said Mr. Stone.

"I won't tell anybody." He laughed again, the lips tightly closed. "You know I won't tell anybody, don't ya, warden?"

"You're out of order," said Mr. Stone.

"I only asked her name."

"And I told you it wasn't important."

He balanced himself lightly on his toes when he spoke, a reckless arrogance about his whole body. From time to time Ellen looked quickly at his face—almost the way a shy girl would look at the man she loved, trying to figure if his hardness was real or feigned. He faced her again, some of the antagonism fading from his eyes.

"You got the dough my lawyer put up for ya, kid?"

"She got it."

He ignored Mr. Stone and continued to look at Ellen. "The whole fifty bucks?"

"All of it," said Mr. Stone. "We don't play that way around here."

"Okay. I just wanted to be sure."

Mr. Stone studied the insolent face for a moment then reached down and unfastened the circle of steel that bound the man's right wrist. "You should know me better than that, Martin."

The laughter came again, without movement from the mouth. He heightened himself with that smooth lifting of the heels, like a diver on a spring board. "Sure. You're all right. I've always said if ya *gotta go,* this is the state to go in. *You* really live up to that last request crap! Sure. You'll even get the sucker a dame if he can raise fifty bucks! Yes, sir, you see that a guy gets anything he wants—anything except his freedom!"

"That makes twice you've been out of order, Martin. Behave yourself. I'm just doing a job."

"Sure. I know. I said ya were okay."

Mr. Stone forced himself to look at Ellen. He was thankful her head was lowered and that she watched neither of them. Self-consciously he turned away, striving to walk leisurely, feeling as though a hundred eyes bored into his back.

Ellen heard the door close and sat immobile, staring at the white hands in her lap. Silence coursed through the room in unbroken waves, riding the air with an impact. When she finally glanced up the other man was sitting opposite her, his head sunk in fingers long and slim. She wondered what he would be like with Mr. Stone gone. The fingers slowly fell and his eyes leveled to meet hers. Ellen filled with ache. The face now lifted was one she had not seen before. The boldness lay shattered. Wiped clean of impertinence it was a younger face, defeated and frightened. She had thought correctly from the first. He wasn't tough and he wasn't hard. There would be no flippancy when he spoke or swagger to his body. He would cry, weep until the heart within her numbed with pain. And between the tears and gasped words she was to bring forgetfulness. It wouldn't be easy. She was in for a bad time. Already the eyes swam in mist, his remaining strength crumbling in fear. A compassion unlike any she had ever known erased all other feeling. She smiled and leaned forward, speaking in that childish voice:

"You can call me by my name. It's Ellen."

III

Ellen lay quietly in the darkness of her room waiting for the big clock in the city to strike. Too far away to be seen it hung there, high in a steeple, the minute hand creeping nearer the hour. When they met, one upon the other, the sound would cut the night wind and find her here in bed, awake and tormented. Nothing had ever hurt like this.

She had known so little to tell him. None of the others wanted to be told anything. He had clung to her and there were tears. At the beginning most of them were that way, but as the time shortened they became as the ones who didn't cry. But all he had wanted was a woman near, someone to weep before unashamed. *I just want a pretty girl to hold and to talk to.* That was it. A pretty girl to hold and to talk to. You couldn't help a man like that. He hadn't even kissed her; only wept and talked. *Tell me, is everyone so lonely when they're about to die?* Should she have known the answer to that?

The first chime struck and she bent double in the bed, as though warding off a blow. Before the clock finished she was crying brokenly into the pillow. She had never cried before, here or in that other room. He had been nicer than any of the others and she had helped him the least.

After awhile the weeping stopped and she turned over on her back, staring at the ceiling through the darkness. A familiar glow started from within. Maybe she hadn't failed him. He had gotten what he wanted; had held her and talked to her. What if she hadn't answered. She had *listened.* You couldn't be everything to them. The important thing was to be with them when they needed you. That was all that really mattered. The rest didn't count. And what happened afterward shouldn't ever touch you.

She threw her arms upward and stretched contentedly. The proudness was with her again, splendid and steadfast. She wiped the tears from her cheeks and smiled. She felt better than she had all summer. What she had done was just as fine as the other thing. There wasn't any real difference. It all held a sort of glory.

THE END

"Now, let's hear your side of the story."

THIS SWANKY ARMY

Continued from page 25

is shown about the Michigan flying field on an informal and altogether welcome tour of look-see.

* * *

"From Taps 'Til Reveille" Private Phil Crosbie bunks at Headquarters barracks at Geiger Field, near Spokane, Washington. You probably know the good looking Phil better as THE Phil Crosbie who formerly sang in musical comedy, opera and as a featured soloist on the radio. He sang the lead baritone in many a summer barn musical, had a fat part in the Broadway smash hit of '39, "Yokel Boy," and was starred in "The American Jubilee" at the New York World's Fair.

* * *

The shooting of ROTC cadets firing machine-gun tracer bullets at rubber balloons in anti-aircraft practice at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, was, in a soldier's word, lousy. Hardly one-fouth of the balloons were hit. Investigation uncovered what you might call sweethearting sabotage; seems that the great majority of the cadets, very lonely, had attached signed notes to the free-floating inflated toy balloons, the notes pleading with any damsels into whose fair hands those balloons should fall to write to those same lousy marksmen.

* * *

Says Elsa Maxwell, famed society party pepper-upper, after a recent close-up informal inspection of a Southern training camp: *"We can't relegate these soldiers to the nursery of 1918. The pace has changed. These men don't want rationed entertainment; it's the bunk, to them. Tiddely-winks is no substitute for a girl!"*

Mebbe so, La Maxwell. But we personally never got a slap in the puss playing tiddely-winks.

* * *

Privates 1st class Sam Love and Chuck Anderson of the Camp Hulen (Tex.) Station Hospital Detachment are the lucky ones! Guests for the night of the Galveston Merchants' Association and local hotel managements, they check in at the swank Hotel Galvez, rating a luxury suite of rooms overnight, free taxi rides and swimming pool tix—all on "the house." Like parties, for fortunate soldier laddies, are planned in the future by the Texas community of Galveston.

* * *

And—speaking of housewives—the Quartermaster Corps makes ready for army-wide issue a "Housewife," the same being in service parlance just a small packet containing sewing and darning needles, assorted buttons, pins, some 100 strands of thread, and other articles necessary for emergency clothing repairs.

* * *

Radio and cinema thrush Jeanette MacDonald and her actor-hub, Gene Raymond, doing the gracious thing out Hollywood way by holding "Open House" for service men at their Bel Air home. Ten lucky lads from Southern California camps and as many U. S. Navy men from West Coast bases are, with U.C.L.A. coeds chosen by the Dean of Women at that college, welcomed as they swim in the famous couple's pool at Bel Air, go to work on a steak barbecue, and dance and/or play cards in the evening hours.

* * *

Have you tears to shed, buddy, prepare to shed 'em now as you bend an ear to the sad tale of the gang at an Eastern camp. Seems the soldiers there came into recent receipt of a flock of mess gear and canteens made by the Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company of Two Rivers, Wisconsin. The delighted doughboys found "mash notes," written by girl packers at the Wisconsin plant, inside the aluminum canteens. Westward to Wisconsin addresses flowed the boys' letters in reply. Back came the disheartening word—from, in some cases, grandmothers — that the goods had been packed, and the notes therein written, back in 1917-1918, when the manufacturing company was turning the product out for the Yanks of that World War I era!

THE END

"How can you boys think of what to do first when you're on leave?"

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 28)

tures, Inc.; Pan Productions, Inc.; Falstaff Productions, Inc.

None of these Home Movie minor-majors operate on the old home movie plan. The old fireside flicker had largely to do with lush cheesecake. Maw and the kids were seldom in the audience. The new Household Dramas are smart, well-produced short stories, and the pretty girls have their clothes on and keep them on. They are now being sold and rented by mail quite legally all over the United States. The business is increasingly alarming. There is nothing censorable in them. Projection machines can now be had for as low as ten bucks, good ones up to almost anything. These ingenious celluloid movies knock the spots off conventional Hollywood short reels and pack the same story wallop as a seven-reel feature, which is easy because the average seven-reel feature has about three hundred feet of legitimate story in it. They are in sixteen millimeter, run from three hundred to a thousand feet, and the business is in an upsurge that has many a movie mogul out this-away aghast.

There are those who know the situation at Twentieth-Fox very well who regard Darryl Zanuck as a genius; Sol Wurzel as a demi-genius—think of the place as full of swell people, smart people, and almost everything that could be desired except stars and stories. Fox definitely needed a blood transfusion; and they got a whole dramaturgical blood bank in the form, shape, manner and style of one Bryan Foy, affectionately called Briney, by the to-know-him-is-to-love-him locals. For years Bryan Foy, who is the Seventh Son of the Great Eddie Foy, kept Warner Brothers in experiment money by turning in so much steady, inevitable and never failing dough from his B pictures that no amount of flops d' estime made much difference in the ledger ink chromatics. Foy made the money for Warner Brothers, and the rest of the gang out there tickled the hearts of reviewers with heavy budget pictures that made fame but no dough.

Foy can take a cowboy, two horses, one of them an ex-waitress from Glendale, a cuff with some illegible writing on it, and make a picture that will *net* (not gross) as much on a budget of fifty grand, as a macrocosmic feature costing anywhere from a quarter million to what even F. D. R. would think of as folding money.

Naturally the theme song at Burbank for years was Green Eyes. Watch Foy in 1942. Give him sixty thousand dollars, nine thousand feet of celluloid, one of Twentieth-Fox's stars who was head usher at a little theatre in New Orleans yesterday, two cuffs and no jealous interference, and he'll turn out record-making footage good for what ails Fox at the B. O.

THE END

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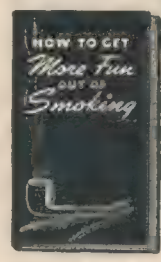

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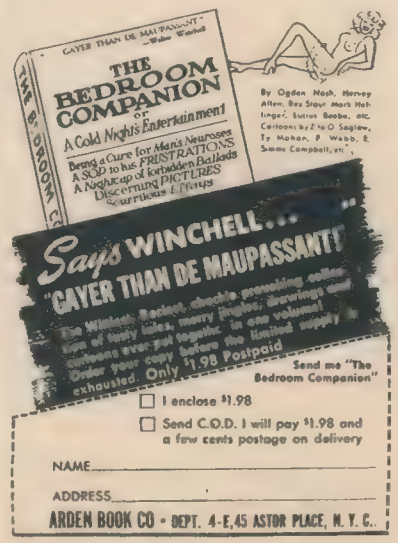
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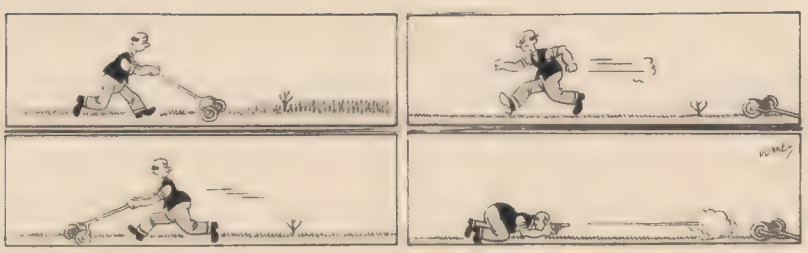

FATHERHOOD FOR SALE

(Continued from page 7)

in its Journal a few months ago that "it is the just due of the child that false pride or considerations of delicacy be put aside and that it be given, by proper legal proceedings, the protection intended by the husband of the mother when he consents to the *artificial insemination* of his wife."

As complex as the legality of the practice is its psychological effect upon the woman. Doctors agree that in general, the absence of the sexual experience has no harmful effect. If the woman's tough-minded she won't suffer for lack of knowledge as to who's the father of her child. But if she's overly sensitive, she may brood or turn from her husband.

Against the relatively few cases in which tragedy has been the end result, are hundreds which have brought happiness. If the investigation of the donor is adequate, doctors agree, a woman is taking no greater chance with his heredity than with that of her husband if he were capable. Improvement is needed, however, in the technique of the operation to minimize infection and increase effectiveness. Liberal-thinking, humanitarian physicians believe that *artificial impregnation*, perfected and brought under strict control, can be a great boon to women.

But the practice, branded as unethical and carried on surreptitiously, has the attendant evils, just as drinking during Prohibition.

Clergymen, although few of them are aware of its existence, are opposed to the practice on moral grounds. Certain Catholic priests, however, are in favor of it as tending to increase the membership of the church, rather than to reduce it, as does birth control.

Some doctors will tell you that the procedure isn't ready for the public. But the public is getting it—and deserves the benefit of the same research and development accorded other similarly revolutionary medical techniques.

Typical of the popular professional attitude was the comment of the public relations director of one of the country's largest county medical societies upon learning that this article was in preparation.

"That's a lot of sensational rot!" the Doctor roared. "Of course, the thing's done, but we don't talk about it in public. You wouldn't, say—publicize people's perversions, would you?"

This is *not* the attitude which led to our present-day enlightened treatment of syphilis and cancer, and to the modern miracles of surgery. It's high time that physicians, as a profession, realize the extent to which fatherhood is being sold. Whether it's to be bootlegged in an inferior manner or dispensed properly under rigid supervision is entirely up to them.

THE END

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Advertisers are at a vantage point with our readers because SWANK MAGAZINE is doing 95% of the selling job—by getting chuckling readers into an eager-to-read-more mood.

SWANK MAGAZINE is the advertiser's always-welcome .salesman who covers the longest route in the shortest time on the smallest expense account.

You get a hearty welcome from SWANK readers because you're in the company of rousing fiction like the now-famous Gene Rider stories . . . the witty, informative chatter of Bide Dudley, Cas Adams, Hy Gardner, Selena Royle . . . the ripe banter of Hollywood's Jack Woodford . . . the gloom-baiting frolic that roars from the pen, brush, and camera of SWANK MAGAZINE's cartoonists, pretty girl artists, and photographers. You don't have to beat a path to anyone's door, because—at this very minute—SWANK has both feet inside over 100,000 homes and offices.

SWANK
MAGAZINE—FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS

*Estimated reader audience

THE GREAT AMERICAN CRANK

(Continued from page 30)

to the Ludlow Street jail, found Miss Woodhull in a cell eight by four feet in size. Aggravated, he went to her defense in his weekly, "The Train Ligue." To prove Miss Woodhull's article wasn't obscene, he printed three columns of quotations from the Bible, all relating to sex—and was immediately arrested, upon the insistence of Anthony Comstock, and placed in the Tombs. The censored number of "The Train Ligue," by the way, rose in price from five cents to two dollars a copy.

In the Tombs, Train found himself on the tier famed as Murderers' Row. There were twenty-two inmates in the group, all killers sentenced to the gallows. Train had himself elected President of the happy company.

When he went on trial before Judge Noah Davis, Train insisted that his attorney constantly refer to him as, "My client, Mr. Train, President of the Murderers' Club, the head of Commune, the illustrious Chief and Captain of the Internationale."

The jury declared Train a lunatic.

The verdict went on record, but was appealed and set aside on May 27, 1873.

Now Train took to lecturing. He spoke on sex, and the police broke it up. At the Grand Opera House, he accused the New York press of bribery. At the Boston Music Hall, he shouted that Boston was a "backwoods town," that Harvard was a school for football players and that Massachusetts had produced no great men since Webster and Choate. He sprinkled his speeches with the word "damn"—explaining that "damn" was the South Sea Island expression for banana.

He placed "Reverend" before his name and opened "The Church of the Laughing Jackass." In his first sermon, he bellowed, "Hit the eye! Be not afraid!" Then he trotted through the streets naked, until captured by the law.

The old gray-haired man was slipping. He labeled himself "The Great American Crank," and retired to an attic room on the roof of the Hotel Continental. He permitted his hair to grow, wore a string of Chinese coins, a Communist red sash, military coat and green umbrella.

At the age of seventy-four, he dictated, in thirty-five hours, a 100,000 word autobiography. He called it "My Life in Many States and In Foreign Lands."

Much of it was nonsense, but on some pages were homely informal accounts of famous people of the period, information today invaluable. For instance, with a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State, Train went to see President Zachary Taylor.

"I was at once ushered into the presence of President Taylor, who sat at his desk. The presidential feet rested on another chair. I begged him not to rise, but to let me feel at home, and handed him the letter from Mr. Webster.

"At his request, I seated myself opposite him, and from this point of vantage made a hurried study of his appearance. He wore a shirt that was formerly white, but which then looked like the map of Mexico after the battle of Buena Vista. It was spotted and spattered with tobacco juice."

"Directly behind me, as I was soon made aware, was a cuspidor, toward which the President turned the flow of tobacco juice. I was in mortal terror, but I soon saw there was no danger. With an unerring aim . . . he never missed the cuspidor once, or put my person in jeopardy."

The autobiography was Train's last adventure. He retired to a bench in Madison Square, where he spent his days basking. He refused to shake hands with anyone over twelve years of age. Thought it might make him lose his psychic powers. For thirty years he had not touched meat, had lived solely on cereals and fruits. Now he got the idea that he could live forever if he ate only peanuts.

He was wrong.

Weakened by smallpox, he died on January 19, 1904, at the Mills Hotel in New York. He was 76 years old.

Doctor Edward Spitzka, the alienist, extracted and weighed his brain. It weighed 53.8 ounces. A brain heavier than Daniel Webster's or Anatole France's. The 27th heaviest in all history. Train would have liked that.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of SWANK Magazine, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey for Oct. 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared David Appel, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SWANK Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, V. S. Fox, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, V. S. Fox, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Asst. Editor, Abner Sundell, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, David Appel, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) SWANK Magazine, Inc., 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) V. S. Fox, 247 Park Ave.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

Signed, DAVID APPEL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1941.

(SEAL) HELEN MARIE McCARTY

Kings Co. Clk's No. 7, Reg. No. 2008
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 14, Reg. No. 2Mc10
(My commission expires March 30, 1942)
Notary Public Kings County.

OUR LAST DATE

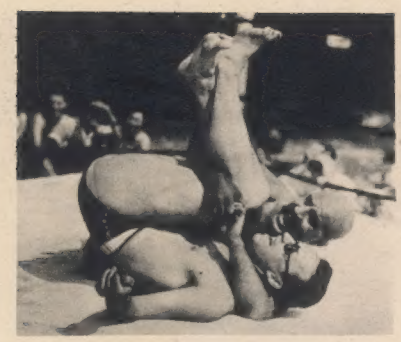
For old time's sake let's get together
Once before the year is through,
Fill them up and for a moment
Drink to dreams that flamed and flew.

Here's to love, please don't regret it
Guess we took too much too fast
The thrills gave out, but let's forget it
Good things seldom ever last.

Time goes fast, it's twelve already
Here's to love and Auld Lang Syne
It was fun, but now it's ended
Thanks a lot, it all was fine.

Ring your bells and blow your bugles
Love is gone, but what the hell
There's another 'round the corner
Twelve o'clock and all is well.

CONTRIBUTORS BEHIND THE CURTAIN



ROBERT WUNDERLIN, author of "Betting Fools," is a native of Columbus, Ohio, which he claims to be the "football capital" of the world. Those in whom this provokes something stronger than a snicker are urged to settle the problem with Mr. Wunderlin, not SWANK MAGAZINE. Although Wunderlin now holds the rather sedate position of advertising manager of "The Columbus Register," he finds it hard to put his sports-writing days into the permanent past. Favorite of all interviews with celebrities of the sport world is that depicted here in which Wunderlin got the story from Ali Baba, the Terrible Turk, in back-breaking time. His newspaper paid all hospital expenses. Wunderlin confessed to be the well-known Rexet Argene of "Woman's Day". During his climb up the ladder to a high rung in the Fourth Estate, he was a circulation manager, newspaper photographer, and bank teller. His rejection slips, he claims, make some warm, crackling fires each winter.

CHESTER B. HIMES, author of "The Sport's On Me," is a native of Jefferson City, Mo., from which he set out to tour the South. His early writing career included writing for a number of "acorn" magazines and newspapers and doing a series of daily vignettes for the "Cleveland News." His present address is Los Angeles, California, from which he sends out a general request for information on "how to break into Hollywood." We like to think he's fooling, or just collecting the varied opinions that would result from the posing of such a question —sort of as a hobby. Himes was born in Jefferson City, Mo., lived all over the South, studied pre-med at Ohio State University and began his writing career some nine years ago. Considers among his best friends the remarkable Mr. Louis Bromfield who is assisting him in the publishing of his first novel.

Author of "If This Be Glory," ASHLEY BUCK is definitely a professional writer on the basis of his accepted work, and almost as certainly one who achieved success on the basis of his appearing in the world famous Edward J. O'Brien's collection series of short stories. He appeared in O'Brien's best short stories of 1937, 1938, 1940 and 1941. Buck is author of a new short novel, "Beyond Laughter" and the current radio serial, "We Are Always Young" of the Mutual Network. He is a native of Columbus, Ohio, and lives at present in New York City. Wishes he could either afford or shake off his expensive hobby of collecting first editions. Buck finds he's mainly interested in pathos—the importance of circumstance which brings an individual up against a sordid situation in life, and how he acclimates himself to that condition. He studies unhappiness clinically though, he says, and doesn't let it ever dampen his spirits.

Zena Kavin and Jon Cornin are the halves that make the whole of CORKA whose cartoons are familiar to SWANK MAGAZINE readers. Zena began drawing at about the same age as she learned to catch snakes with a forked stick and lizards with a grass lasso. After study in art schools in the Soviet Union and in San Francisco, she spent three years among the Indians in New Mexico. She met Cornin in Santa Fe where they "made plans for Corka." Jon Cornin's talents led him into such careers as lumberjack, noodle salesman, auditor, and foreman of a hand-weaving organization, before his artistic capabilities asserted itself. He has exhibited oils, watercolors, and drawings in museums and galleries throughout the country. As the artist, he appears in Who's Who of American Art, and, as "the loafing half of Corka, in almost every issue of SWANK MAGAZINE.

ERIC STRUTT, author of "In Wolf's Clothing," lists among his affiliations with national organizations, "taxpayer . . . which is at present about as close to universal brotherhood as you can come." Canadian born, Strutt now resides at Pasadena, Calif. He has written more than 200 produced radio scripts, including Edgar Bergen and Walt Disney shows. He's a Beta Theta Pi, an amateur woodcarver, and a permanently married man. Strutt used to edit a bi-weekly paper in which five by-lines appeared, all of them versions of his own name. Unfortunately, the one-man staff had multiple expenses and so the presses stopped rolling. He has just completed a non-fiction book called "I Walk with Davey Jones" which concerns the adventures of Lieut. Harry Rieseberg, treasure salvor.

Author of "The Road to Ruin," HOWARD MERRILL, is a radio writer with a heavy schedule. The fact that he appeared in 58 silent motion pictures as a child actor warranted mention in Ripley's "Believe It Or Not," as did the record of 2,000 network appearances as a child and juvenile actor. Acting and writing continuities, radio sketches, and syndicated radio scripts have taken up most of his time. For the past three years Merrill has been writing a daily syndicated newspaper column which appears in four languages on three continents. He belongs to Broadway. As "America's youngest syndicated columnist" he has been written up by "Editor and Publisher" and the "New York Daily Mirror." Merrill has a terror for the term "precocious."

HOWARD MERRILL

Pvt. JESS BENTON, whose sketches of Army scenes appear in this issue, begs us all—on behalf of the U. S. government—to refrain from using the ugly expression, "draftee"; the more euphonious term, "selective service man" is to be preferred. Having straightened us out on this dangerous situation, Mr. Benton proceeded to throw further light on the Army and its recruits. His hobbies, which he states are representative of the majority of *selective service men*, are golf, termite control, and blondes . . . all at once, or one at a time. Pvt. Benton left his home town of Checkerbury Corners, Vt., many years back to become a writer for Jimmie Fidler. He was drafted last April 16, and is at present stationed at Camp Croft, South Carolina.

A. CRAMER, cartoonist for SWANK, is Russian born. He studied fine art in his native land where a high premium is put on culture. From Russia to Mexico City was the accepted trek and Cramer joined the exodus. In Mexico City he continued his study of art, but he found the Americas thought differently about cultural development . . . they could take it or leave it. A formal exhibit of his work in Mexico brought much praise but little monetary reward. Practical Russian that he was, Cramer decided that culture was continental and commerce was American. He turned to commercial art and cartooning, with immediate success. His Russian sense of humor and feeling for ironic pathos, plus a genuine knowledge of artistic application, made him "a natural" cartoonist. Cramer lives in New York City now and thinks it a remarkable "invention." Why couldn't Russia have thought of it first, he complains bitterly.

THE Tuqiff GIRL

ALLURING
ENTICING
ENCHANTING
RAVISHING
RAPTUROUS
THRILLING
GLAMOROUS
BEWITCHING
IRREPRESSIBLE
IRRESISTIBLE
CAPTIVATING

IN EVERY ISSUE OF SWANK MAGAZINE

SWANK
MAGAZINE—FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS

ON SALE THE 10th OF EVERY MONTH • AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

WHERE TO, SOLDIER?

THEY gave him a pass today, for the week-end.

The world is his—at least as far as the nearest town. No more K.P., no more drill, no more formations till Monday. He can be John American, his own master, having a good time. That pass is his *open sesame*.

But is it?

Where will he and his buddies go in that town overrun with soldiers? Where will they eat and sleep? What can the community do to give them relaxation and entertainment and company?

• • •

One of the forgotten problems in any high-speed scheme of national defense is how to provide for the soldier and sailor off duty.

Within the camps and naval stations the services themselves have excellent facilities. But in the "leave areas"—the surrounding cities and towns—the problem is acute and difficult.

Many of the newer army camps, housing up to 50,000 men, are located far from the larger cities. Into villages and towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population may come as many as 3,000 men on a single evening. Where are they to go? How is the community to provide for them, to see that they get the wholesome food and entertainment you would like your son, or your neighbor's, to have?

• • •

To meet this emergency all the "service agencies" of the last war have joined forces. The Y. M. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association have combined to form the United Service Organizations—known as the U. S. O.

Differences of race and creed have been forgotten; lesser distinctions of purpose and method have been subordinated to the larger idea of united service.

It is truly an American conception, just as it's thoroughly American that the leisure-time needs of the military forces should be met by the people themselves, instead of through government regimentation.

• • •

How can you help? The U. S. O. is raising approximately eleven million dollars to finance its program of leisure-time aid to the men in service. This is your first opportunity as a civilian to do your bit for national defense. Give generously to the U. S. O.

How will the money be used? In maintaining more than 350 U. S. O. clubs in the cities and towns where they are most needed. The government has already appropriated funds to build the club houses. What is required now is money to operate them.

How and where shall you give? To the local committee that has charge of your city's part in this national drive. No matter how much or how little you feel you can give, send it today to your local chairman or to National U. S. O. Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York City.